

40 Mm. pr. 35.2.43

A SELECTION OF  
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,  
WITH  
Symphonies and Accompaniments  
BY  
SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus.Dee.  
THE WORDS BY  
THOMAS MOORE, Esq.



Drawn by Elizabeth R.A.

Engraved by Upton.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

L O N D O N .

Price 12 0

Published April 23<sup>rd</sup> 1818, by J. Power, 34, Strand.



To the  
Marchioness of Lansdowne  
This Volume is Inscribed,

By her Ladyship's obliged

faithful Servant,

Thomas Moore

Steperton Cottage

Devizes



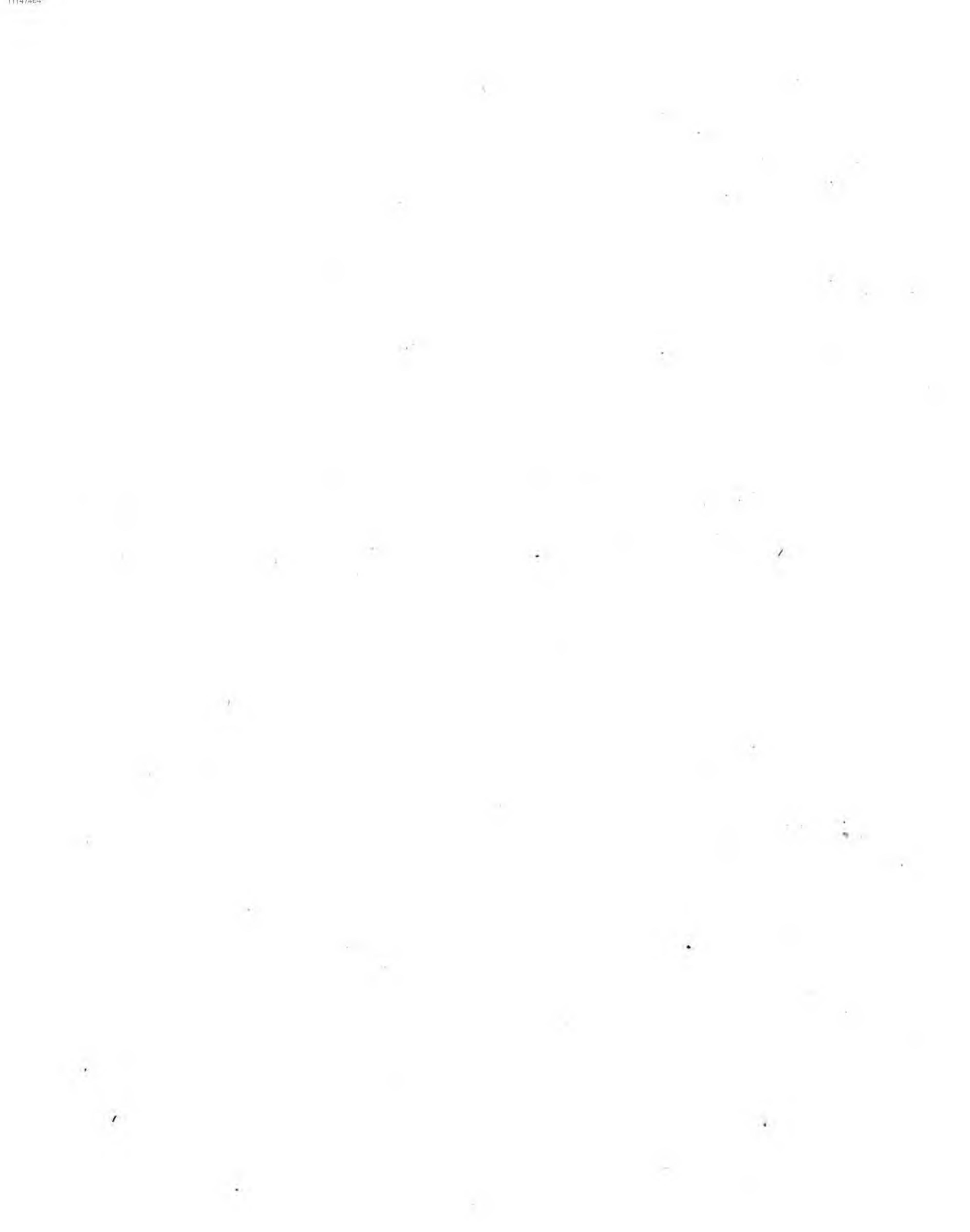
## ADVERTISEMENT.

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It is CICERO, I believe, who says "*naturā ad modos ducimur*;" and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting, kind of music are here presented with the First Number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those *half* creatures of PLATO, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none, or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers, is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called national melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which Poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an *estray* swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

It is not, indeed, without strong hopes of success that I present this First Number of our miscellany to the Public. As the music is not my own, and the words are little more than unpretending interpreters of the sentiment of each air, it will not perhaps be thought presumption in me to say, that I consider it one of the simplest and prettiest collections of songs to which I have ever set my name.

T. M



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TO

### THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

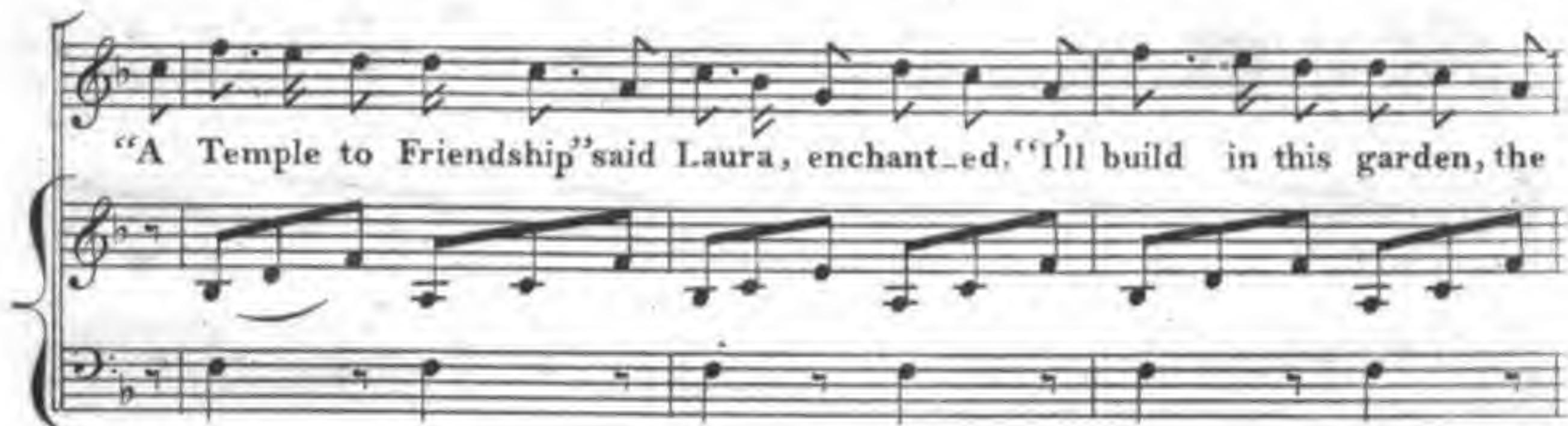
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1114/404  
A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.\*

*Spanish Chorus*



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\* The thought is taken from a Song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."

2

set down before her A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent, But so

cold and so dull, that the youthful a\_dorer Saw plainly this was not the

i\_dol she meant.

“Oh! never,” she cried, “could I think of enshrining An image, whose looks are so

5

joyless and dim; But yon lit-tle God, up-on ros-es re-clin-ing, We'll  
 make, if you please, Sir, a Friend-ship of him.' So the bargain was struck with the  
 lit-tle God laden She joy-fully flew to her shrine in the grove - "Fare-  
 well," said the sculptor "you're not the first maiden, Who came but for Friend-ship and  
 took away Love?"

1114/404  
FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese (air)

In Moderate  
time with  
expression

Flow on, thou shining ri - ver, But, ere thou reach the  
sea, Seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And  
tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With  
joys a long their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'r's on thee.

11147404

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But if, in wand'ring thi - ther, Thou  
find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then leave those wreaths to wi - ther Up -  
on the cold bank there. And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her  
lone and loveless charms shall be thrown by upon life's weedy shore, Like  
those sweet flow'rs from thee.

## FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

DUETTE

Portuguese (1.)

*In Moderate  
time, with  
expression*

Tentando

Flow on, thou shining ri - ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek  
Flow on, thou shining ri - ver, But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek  
Ella's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And  
Ella's bow'r and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee.

7

tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With  
 And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, our lives shall be,  
 joys a long their course to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.  
 With joys to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.  
 But if, in wand'ring thi-ther, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then  
 But if, in wand'ring thi-ther, Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r, Then

leave those wreaths to wi - ther Up - on the cold bank there. And  
leave those wreaths to wi - ther Up - on the cold bank there.

tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her lone and loveless charms shall be Thrown  
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er, Her charms shall be

by upon life's weedy shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.  
up - on life's shore, Like those sweet flow'rs from thee.

11147404  
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

9

*Indian Chorus*

*Melancholy*

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,  
All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.  
Stars that shine and fall, The flow'r that drops in spring-ing,

10

These alas! are types of all To which our hearts are cling - ing.

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,

All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize Delights that end in aching? Who would trust to

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ties That ev'ry hour are breaking? Better far to be... In

utter darkness ly...ing, Than be blest with light and see That

light for e-ver fly...ing! All that's bright must fade, The bright...est still the

fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

12

## ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

DUETT.

Indian (ir.)

*Melancholy*

All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,  
 All that's bright must fade, The brightest still the fleetest,  
 All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.  
 All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest.



Stars that shine and fall, The flow'r that drops in springing, These a-las! are  
types of all To which our hearts are clinging. All that's bright must fade, The brightest  
still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when sweetest!

## 14

Who would seek or prize De-lights that end in aching? Who would trust to ties That ev'ry hour are breaking? Better far to be - - - In ties That ev'ry hour are breaking? Better far to be In utter darkness ly - - ing, Than be blest with light and see That utter darkness ly - - ing, Than be blest with light and see That

light for e- ver fly - ing! All that's bright must fade, The brightest

light for e- ver fly - ing! All that's bright must fade, The brightest

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when

still the fleetest, All that's sweet was made But to be lost when

sweetest!

sweetest!

## SO WARMLY WE MET.

*Hungarian (dir.)*

*so warmly we met and so*  
*fondly we parted, That which was the sweeter ev'n I could not tell, That*  
*first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted, Or that tear of passion which*  
*bless'd our farewell. To meet was a Heav'n- and to part thus an-other, Our*

joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss; Oh Cupid's two eyes are not  
like each other, In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.

8va

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, delicious, The dawn of a pleasure scarce  
kindled up yet— The last was that farewell of day-light, more precious, More

glowing and deep, as 'tis near-er its set. Our meet-ing, tho' happy, was

ting'd by a sorrow, To think that such happiness could not remain, While our

parting, tho' sad, gave a hope that tomorrow Would bring back the blest hour of

meeting again.

11147404  
THOSE EV'NING BELLS.

19

(See The Bells of Pittsburg.)

*Pensively  
and in  
Moderate  
Time.*

The musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The top staff is for the piano, with the instruction 'Pensively and in Moderate Time.' The vocal line begins on the second staff. The lyrics are as follows:

Those ev'ning bells, those ev'ning bells, How many a tale their  
music tells Of youth and home and that sweet time, When last I  
heard their soothing chime! Of youth and home and that sweet time, When  
last I heard their sooth-ing chime!

The piano accompaniment is provided in the top staff, with the vocal line on the second staff. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat.

\* It will be perceived that the Air is here made the Accompaniment.

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Those joy-ous hours are past a-way, And many a heart, that  
then was gay, With-in the tomb now dark-ly dwells And hears no  
more those ev'-ning bells, With-in the tomb now darkly dwells And  
hears no more those ev'ning bells .

11147404

And so 'twill be, when I am gone, That tuneful peal will still ring  
on, While o - ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet  
ev'ning bells! While o - ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your  
praise, sweet ev'ning bells!

## SHOULD THESE FOND HOPES.

## Portuguese (lit.)

A musical score for piano, page 10, measures 111-112. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and 2/4 time, with a dynamic instruction "With expression". The bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats) and 2/4 time. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests.

\*Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee, Which now so sweetly thy heart em-

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visions of youth and joy. Should the gay friends for whom thou wouldest

banish Him who once thought thy young heart his own, All, like

springbirds, false - ly vanish, And leave thy winter unheed-ed and lone.

Oh! 'tis then he thou hast slighted Would come to cheer thee, when all seem'd

o'er; Then the truant, lost and blight-ed, Would to his bosom be taken once  
 more.. Like that dear bird we both can remember, Who left us while summer shone  
 round; But, when chill'd by bleak December, Upon our threshold a welcome still  
 found.



11147404

## REASON, FOLLY, and BEAUTY.



Drawn by E. Stichard, R.A.

Engraved by L. Mullan.

Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,  
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page,  
Till folly said  
Look here sweet maid!  
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;

## REASON, FOLLY AND BEAUTY.

25

### Italian. (ix.)

Quick and  
Playful.

*Quick and Playful.*

Reason and Folly and Beauty, they say, Went on a  
party of pleasure one day; Folly play'd Around the maid, The bells of his  
Cap rung merrily out, While Reason took to his sermon-book—Oh which was the

26

pleasanter no one need doubt, no, no, no, no- Which was the  
pleasanter no one need doubt. Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.

Beau-ty, who likes to be thought ve-ry sage, Turn'd for a  
moment to Reason's dull page, 'Till Folly said "Look here, sweet"

maid! The sight of his Cap brought her back to her - self; While Reason

read His leaves of lead, With no one to mind him, poor sen-si-ble

elf! no, no, no, no, -- no one to mind him, poor

sen-si-ble elf! no one to mind him, poor sen-si-ble elf!

sensibl.

Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay Cap, Had he that

on, he her heart might entrap—“There it is” quoth Folly “old

quiz!” (Folly was always good natur'd, 'tis said) Under the

sun, There's no such fun As Reason with my Cap and bells on his

head ha! ha! ha! ha! Reason with my Cap and

bells on his head! Reason with my Cap and bells on his head!" 8va  
 But Reason the headdress so awkwardly  
 wore, That Beauty now lik'd him still less than be - fore, While Folly  
 took Old Rea-son's book, And twist-ed the leaves in a Cap of such



## FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!

*Sicilian. 6/8.*

*With feeling*

Fare thee well, thou love-ly one! Love-ly still, but dear no more;

Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er. Thy

words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell, Could scarce have thus de-ceiv'd; But

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ad lib.

eyes that act-ed truth so well Were sure to be be-liev'd. Then,

fare thee well, thou lovely one! Love-ly still, but dear no more;

ad lib:

Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er.

a tempo

Yet those eyes look constant still, True as stars they keep their light,



\* The Symphonies of this and the preceding Song are by the Author of the words.

still those cheeks their pledge fulfill Of blushing always bright? Tis only on thy

changeful heart The blame of falsehood lies; Love lives in ev'ry other part, But

there alas! he dies. Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one! Lovely still, but

dear no more; Once his soul of Truth is gone, Love's sweet life is o'er.

*Portuguese air.*

*Tenderly*

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

lovers, and lovers only, Where first I told thee all my secret

sighs, Where first I told thee all my secret sighs; When, as the

moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee, Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt be-

fore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes, And read my

hope's sweet triumph in those eyes. Then, then while

closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—never, never more to

part, no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no no no no no

never, never more to part.

\* And when I call'd thee by names the dear-est That Love could  
 fancy, the fondest, near-est, "My life, my on-ly life" among the  
 rest, "My life, my on-ly life" among the rest,  
 In those sweet accents that still en-thrall me, Thou said'st "Ah!"  
 wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

\* The thought in this verse is borrowed from the original Portuguese words.

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best, Thy Soul thy Soul's the name that I love best.

espress

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which

espress

never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no no never,

lentando

a tempo

never parts from thee, no no no no no no no no never, never parts from

ad lib :

thee.

DUETT.

— Portuguese. *dir.*

*First Voice*)

*Second Voice*)

*Tinckly*)

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

Dost thou remember that place so lonely, A place for

lovers, and lovers only, Where first I told thee all my secret

lovers, and lovers only, Where first I told thee all my secret

sighs, Where first I told thee all my secret sighs;

sighs, Where first I told thee all my secret sighs;

When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee Illum'd thy

When, as the moon-beam that trembled o'er thee Illum'd thy

blushes, I knelt be\_ore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those

blushes, I knelt be\_ore thee, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those

eyes, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes.

eyes, And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes.

40

espress

lentando

a tempo

Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—

Then, then while closely heart was drawn to heart, Love bound us—

never, never more to part, no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no

never, never more to part, no no no no no no never, never more to part, no no no

ad lib: no no no no never, never more to part.

no no no no never, never more to part:

\*And when I call'd thee by names the dearest That Love could  
 And when I call'd thee by names the dearest That Love could  
 fan - cy, the fondest, near - est, "My life, my on - ly life" among the  
 fan - cy, the fondest, near - est, "My life, my on - ly life" among the  
 rest, "My life, my on - ly life" among the rest,—  
 rest, "My life, my on - ly life" among the rest,—

In those sweet accents that still en-thrall me, Thou saidst "ah!"

In those sweet accents that still en-thrall me, Thou saidst "ah!"

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

wherefore thy Life thus call me? Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love

best, Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love best.

best, Thy Soul, thy Soul's the name that I love best.

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which never, never parts from

For life soon passes, but how blest to be That Soul which never, never parts from

thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no

thee, no no no no no no no never, never parts from thee, no no no no no no no

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line on a staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef with a 'C' (common time) below it. The vocal part includes lyrics: 'Never, never parts from thee!'

never, never parts from thee!"

44 OH COME TO ME WHEN DAY LIGHT SETS.

*Sentian. 6.*

*Movingly*

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moon-light sea. When mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

11147464

45

sound of lutes and mando\_lins To steal young hearts a-way. Oh

come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon-dolets O'er the moon - light sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When

46

all's so calm be\_low, a\_bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When maidens

sing sweet barcarolles,\* And Echo sings a\_gain, So sweet, that all with ears and

souls Should love and lis-ten then. So come to me, when day-light sets,

Sweet! then come to me, When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moon light sea..

\* Barcarolles, sorte de Chansons en langue Vénitienne, que chantent les Gondoliers à Venise.  
Rousseau, Dictionnaire de Musique.

11147404  
OH COME TO ME WHEN DAY LIGHT SETS. **47***Duetto.**Violin. Vi.*

flowingly

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When

Oh come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me; When

smoothly go our gon-do-lets \* O'er the moon-light sea. When

smoothly go our gon-do-lets O'er the moon-light sea. When

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

mirth's a-wake and Love begins, Be-neath that glanc-ing ray, With

\* La Biondina in gondoletta.

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sound of lutes and mando\_lins To steal young hearts a-way. Oh  
sound of lutes and mando\_lins To steal young hearts a-way. Oh  
come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When  
come to me, when day-light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When  
smoothly go our gon-do\_lets O'er the moon-light sea.  
smoothly go our gon-do\_lets O'er the moon-light sea.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love Sweet! like thee and me; When  
all's so calm be - low, a - bove, In heav'n and o'er the sea. When  
maid - ens sing sweet bar - ca - rolles, And E - cho sings a - gain, So  
maid - ens sing sweet bar - ca - rolles, And E - cho sings a - gain, So

11147484

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sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and lis - ten then. So  
sweet, that all with ears and souls Should love and lis - ten then. So

come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When  
come to me, when day - light sets, Sweet! then come to me, When

smoothly go our gon - do - lets O'er the moon - light sea.  
smoothly go our gon - do - lets O'er the moon - light sea.

## OF'T IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

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Scotch. (i.)

*With  
Melancholy  
Expression*

8va

pp

Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond mem'ry brings the light Of o-ther days a-round me. The  
smiles, the tears of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spok-en, The



feel like one, who treads a lone Some ban - quet - hall, de -

sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose gar - lands dead, And

all, but he, de - part - ed! Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere

slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem'ry brings the light Of

other days a - round me.

## 54 HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

GLEE.

Russian. (ir.)

Moderate time

Suble

Center

Tenor

Bass

Piano

Verte

Hark! the ves-per hymn is stealing O'er the waters soft and clear;  
 Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Now it bursts up - on - the ear.  
 Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.  
 Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.  
 Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

55

*f*

Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te A - - - men

Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te A - - - men

Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te A - - - men

Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te A - - - men

Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te Ju - bi - la - te A - - - men

*pp*

\*Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.

Ju - - - bi - - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

Ju - - - bi - - - la - - te A - - - men A - - men.

Ju - - - bi - - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

*pp*

56

Far-ther now, now far-ther steal-ing, Soft it fade up-on the ear.

Ju - - bi - - - la - - - te A - - men A - - men.

Ju - - bi - - - la - - - te A - - - men A - - men.

Ju - - bi - - - la - - - te A - - - men A - - men.

Now, like moonlight waves retreat-ing To the shore, it dies a-long;

Now, like an - gry surges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.

Ju - - - bi - - - la - - - te      A - - - men      A - - - men.

Ju - - - bi - - - la - - - te - - - A - - - men - - - A - - - men.

A blank musical staff consisting of five horizontal lines and four spaces, intended for writing musical notes.

Ju - bi - la - te      Ju - bi - la - te      Ju - bi - la - te      A - - men.

Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te      Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te      Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te      A \_ \_ \_ men .

Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te A \_ \_ men.

Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te      Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te      Ju \_ bi \_ la \_ te      A \_ \_ \_ men

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pp

Hush! a\_gain, like waves retreat-ing To the shore, it dies a - long.

Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

Hush! a\_gain, like waves retreat-ing To the shore, it dies a - long.

Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

Ju - - bi - - la - - te A - - men A - - men.

8va

A SELECTION OF  
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,  
with Symphonies and Accompaniments  
By  
HENRY R. BISHOP.  
*The Words by*  
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ<sup>R</sup>.



DRAWN BY THOS. STOTHARD R.A.

ENGRAVED BY CHAS. HEATH.

L O N D O N.

Published Jan<sup>Y</sup> 1, 1820, by J. Power, 34 Strand.

(Second Number.)



To the  
Marchioness of Lansdowne  
This Volume is Inscribed,

By her Ladyship's obliged

faithful Servant,

Thomas Moore.

Steperton Cottage

Devizes.



[SECOND EDITION.]

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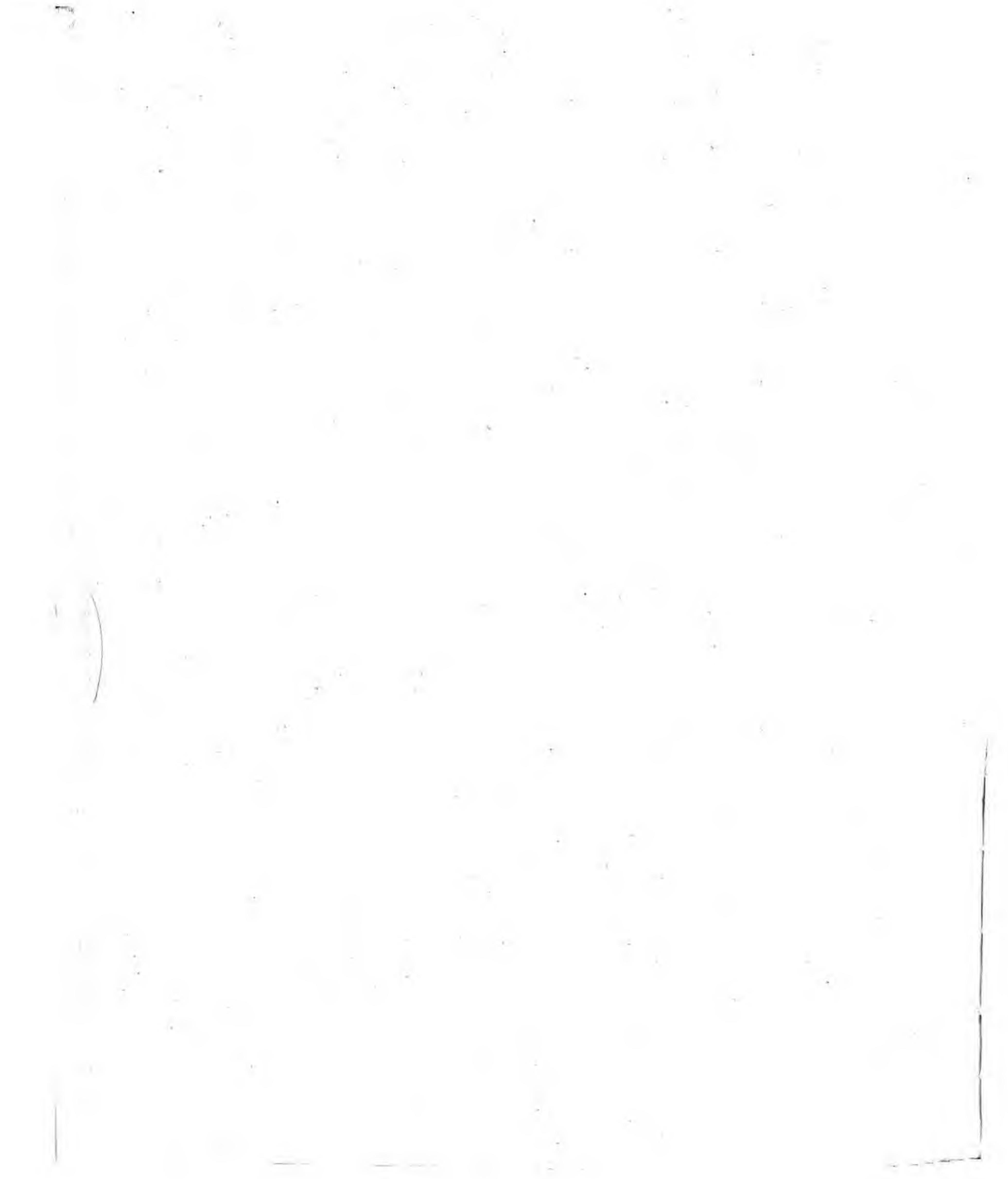
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TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

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1114/403  
LOVE AND HOPE.

59

(Swiss Air.)

In Moderate  
Time and with  
much Expression.

In Moderate  
Time and with  
much Expression.

espress

smorz

scherzoso

f p

At morn, be-side yon summer sea, Young  
Hope and Love re-clin'd; But scarce had noon - tide

60

come, when he In - to his bark leap'd smiling - ly, And

left poor Hope be - hind, And left poor Hope be - hind!

ten:

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile A-

cross this sunny main" And then so sweet his parting smile, That

Hope, who, never dream'd of guile, Be - liev'd he'd come a -

gain. Be - liev'd he'd come a - gain.

She lin - ger'd there 'till Evening's beam A - long the wa - ters

lay; And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream, Oft trac'd his name, which

still the stream As often wash'd a - way, As often wash'd a -

way.

At length, a sail ap-pears in sight, And

legati

tow'rd the Maid - en moves; — 'Tis Wealth that comes, and

gay and bright His golden bark re - flects the light — But,

ah, it is not Love's, it is not is not Love's!

*pp*

An-other sail 'twas Friendship show'd Her night-lamp o'er the sea; And

calm the light that lamp bestow'd, But Love had lights that warmer glow'd, And

where, alas! was He? And where, alas! was He?

Now fast a-round the sea and shore Night threw her dark - ling  
chain; The sun-ny sails were seen no more, Hope's  
morning dreams of bliss were o'er— Love ne-ver came a-  
gain! Love ne-ver came a - - gain!

ten: *pp* *dim*

## THERE COMES A TIME.

*German Air.*

*Rather slow  
and  
With feeling*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, with the right hand playing the melody and the left hand providing harmonic support. The bottom two staves are for the voice. The vocal line begins with a melodic line that includes eighth and sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, appearing below the staff. The piano parts feature eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The vocal part has a mix of eighth and sixteenth-note patterns. The music concludes with a final melodic line in the piano accompaniment.

There comes a time, a dreary time, To him, whose heart hath flown O'er  
 all the fields of Youth's sweet prime, And made each flow'r its own. 'Tis

when his soul must first renounce Those dreams so bright, so fond - Oh  
ten:  
then's the hour to die at once, For life has nought be - yond.. A-  
las, that time, that dreary time, To him, whose heart hath flown O'er  
all the fields of Youth's sweet prime, And made each flow'r its own! —

When sets the Sun on Afric's shore, That instant all is night, And

so should life at once be o'er, When Love withdraws his light. Nor,

like our northern day gleam on Thro' twilight's dim de - lay - - The

ten

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114/403

# MY HARP HAS ONE, UNCHANGING THEME. <sup>69</sup>

*Swedish Air.*

*With Mournful Languor.*

My Harp has one, unchang-ing theme, One strain, that still comes  
o'er Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream Of Joy that's now no  
more. In vain I try with livelier air To wake the breath-ing

string, That voice of o - ther times is there, And saddens all . I

pp

sing.

! smorz: calando

Breathe on, breathe on, thou lan - guid strain, Hence - forth be all my

mf p

own, Though thou art oft so full of pain, Few hearts can bear thy

mf pp

tone. Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh, The breath that Pleasure's

wings Gave out, when last they wan - ton'd by, Were

still upon thy strings.

pp cres smorz calando

## OH! NO NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOV'D.

*Cashmerian Air.*

*In Moderate time*  
*(not too slow)*  
*and Tenderly.*

Oh! no not ev'n when first we lov'd, Wert thou as dear as  
 now thou art; Thy beauty then my sens - es mov'd,  
 But now thy vir - tues bind my heart — What was but

pas - sion's sigh be - fore, Has since been turn'd to

rea - son's vow, And tho' I then might love thee

more, Trust me, I love - thee better better now!

smorz

356

74

Although my heart, in ear - lier youth, Might kin - dle

with more wild de - sire, Be - lieve me, it has dol

gain'd in truth Much more than it has lost in

fire. The flame now warms my in - most core, That

356

then but spar-kled o'er my brow; And tho' I

seem'd to love thee more, Yet, Oh! I love thee better better

now.

356

## PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

*Scotch Air.*

*affectionately*

*Soave*

Peace be around thee, wher - ever thou rov'st, May life be, for thee, one

summer's-day, And all that thou wishest and all that thou lov'st Come

356

smiling around thy sunny way! If sorrow e'er this calm should break, May

ev'n thy tears pass off so light-ly, Like spring-show'rs, they'll

cres mf pp sosten:

on - - ly make The smiles that fol - low shine more brightly!

cres

mf pp

May

dol: e sosten: cresc p

Time, who sheds his blight o'er all, And dai-ly dooms some joy to death, O'er  
thee let years so gently fall They shall not crush one flow'r beneath! As  
half in shade and half in Sun, This world along its path advances,  
May that side the Sun's upon, Be all that shall e\_ver meet thy glances!

1114/403  
**PEACE BE AROUND THEE.**

79

*DUETT.**Scotch Air.*

*Affectionately* *p*

*sosten* *crea*

*Soave*

Peace. be around thee, wher - ever thou rov'st, May life be for thee, one  
*Soave*

Peace be wher - ever thou rov'st, May life be one

summer's day, And all that thou wishest and all that thou lov'st Come

summer's day, And all that thou wishest and lov'st

smiling a-round thy sun-ny way! If sorrow e'er this calm should  
 Come smiling a-round thy way! If sorrow e'er this calm should  
 break, May ev'n thy tears pass off so light-ly, Like spring show'rs, they'll  
 break, May ev'n thy tears pass off so light-ly, Like spring show'rs, they'll  
 on--ly make The smiles that fol-low shine more bright-ly!  
 on--ly make The smiles that follow shine brightly!

May

dol: e sosten:

cres

p

Time, who sheds his blight o'er all, And dai - ly dooms some

who sheds his blight o'er all, And dooms some

joy to death, O'er thee let years so gently fall They shall not crush one

joy to death, let years so gently fall They shall not crush one

356

flow'r beneath! As half in shade and half in sun, This world a-long its

flow'r beneath! As half in shade and half in sun, This world a-long its

dol: ed espress:  
path advances, May that side the Sun's up-on, Be all that e'er shall

path advances, May that side the Sun's up-on, Be all that e'er shall

express:  
meet thy glances!

meet thy glances!

dol: e sosten:  
pp



11147403

## COMMON SENSE, and GENIUS.



Printed by The Stationer, B. & C.

Engraved by Hen<sup>r</sup> Heath

One his eye ne'er rais'd  
From the path before him  
T'other idly gaz'd  
On each night cloud o'er him.  
While I touch &c. &c.

## COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

*French Air.**Moderately  
quick and  
Playfully.*

While I touch the string, Wreathe my brows with laurel,

For the Tale I sing Has, for once, a moral! Common-Sense one night,

Tho' not us'd to gambols, Went out, by moonlight, With Genius on his rambles.



While I touch the string, Wreathe my brows with laurel, For the Tale I sing,  
Has, for once, a moral!

Common Sense went on, Many wise things saying; While the light that shone  
Soon set Genius straying. *One* his eye ne'er rais'd From the path before him;

T'other idly gaz'd On each night-cloud o'er him. While I touch the string,

smorz

Wreathe my brows with laurel, For the Tale I sing, Has, for once, a moral!

So they came, at last,

p f Cres f pp

To a shady river;— Common-Sense soon pass'd, Safe,— as he doth ever.

While the boy, whose look Was in heav'n that minute, Never saw the brook, But

tumbled headlong in it! While I touch the string, Wreathe my brows with laurel,

smorez:

For the Tale I sing, Has, for once, a moral!

Cres

How the Wise one smil'd, When safe o'er the torrent, At that youth, so wild,

pp

Espresso un poco più lento.

Dripping from the current. Sense went home to bed, - Genius left to shiver

Largo, e molto express. Tempo Primo e scherzoso.

On the bank, 'tis said, Died of that cold river! While I touch the string,

Wreathe my brows with laurel, For the Tale I sing, Has, for once, a moral!

## THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

*Old English Air.*

*With Melancholy  
and Tender  
Expression?*

Then fare thee well, my  
own dear love, This world has now for us No  
greater grief, no - pain a - bove The pain of part - ing  
thus, dear love! The pain of parting thus!

Had  
express dolce

1114/405

we but known, since first we met, Some few short hours of

bliss, We might, in numb'ring them, forget The deep deep pain of

this, dear love! The deep deep pain of this. But

no, alas - We've never seen One glimpse of pleasure's ray, But

still there came some cloud between, And chas'd it all a-way, dear love! And

chas'd it all a-way! Yet ev'n could those sad moments last, Far

espress: dolce

pp

dearer to - my heart Were hours of grief, to - ge-ther past, Than

years of mirth a - part, dear love! Than years of mirth a - part.

express:

356

Fare well— our hope was born in fears, And

dolce

nurs'd 'mid vain re-grets; Like win-ter suns, it

rose in tears, Like them in tears it sets, dear love! Like

them in tears it sets.

356

## GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

*Maltese Air,*

*Lively but not too quick.*

Gai - ly sounds the Cas - ta - net, Beating time to

bound - ing feet, When, af - ter day - light's gold - en set,

Maids and Youths by moon-light meet. Oh! then, how

sweet to move Thro' all that maze of mirth, -

Lighted by those eyes we love, Be-yond all eyes - on

earth.

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94

Then, the joy-ous banquet spread On the cool and fragrant ground, With

staccato molto

night's bright eye-beams, o-ver head, And still brighter sparkling round.

mf p

Oh! then, how sweet to say In-to the lov'd one's ear, —

cres

Thoughts reserv'd through many a day, To be thus whisper'd here.

ff sf

When the dance and feast are done, Arm in arm as home we stray; How

sweet to see the dawn-ing sun O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!

*mf* > *p*

Then, then the fare-well kiss, And words whose part-ing tone -

Lingers still in dreams of bliss, That haunt young hearts a lone..

## LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.

*Languedocian Air.*

*In Moderate time and with Simplicity*



Love is a hun - ter - boy, Who makes young hearts his prey;

*p elegati*

And in his nets of Joy En-snares them night and day.

In vain conceal'd they lie, Love tracks them ev'ry where;

In vain a-loft they fly,-- Love shoots them fly-ing

there.

pp

pp

slentando

114/403

But 'tis his joy most sweet, At ear-ly dawn to trace The print of Beau-ty's feet, And give the trembler chace. And most he loves through snow To track those footsteps fair, For then the Boy doth know None track'd be-fore him there.

## COME CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

*French Air.*

*With Lightness  
and  
Expression.*

Come, chase that start - ing tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs; To-

night, at least, to-night be gay, What-e'er to-morrow brings! Like

100

sun-set gleams, that lin-ger late, When all is dark'ning fast, Are

hours like these we snatch from fate, The brightest and the last. Then

chase that starting tear away, Ere mine to meet it springs, To-

night, at least, to-night be gay, What-e'er to-morrow brings.

To gild our dark'ning life, if Heav'n But one bright hour al-  
low, Oh! think that one bright hour is giv'n In  
all its splen-dour now. Let's live it out— then  
sink in night, Like waves, that from the shore One

102

ad lib:

minute swell are touch'd with light, Then lost for e - ver

Colla Voce

f

p

pp

dim

more. Come, chase that start - - ing tear a - way, Ere

a Tempo

mine to meet it springs; To - night, at least, to -

night be gay, What - e'er to - mor - row brings.

## JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

*Portuguese Air.*

*Smoothly  
and in  
Moderate time.*

*pp legati*      *cres*      *f p*

*pp*      *sosteni*

*Sotto Voce*

Whisp'ring, heard by wakeful maids, To whom the night-stars guide us—

*pp*

Stolen walks through moon-light shades, With those we love be-side us—

104

Hearts beating, at meeting, Tears start-ing, at part-ing—

Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades, Sweet joys of youth, how

fleeting!

Sotto Voce

Wand'ring far a-way from home, With life all new be-fore us;

Greetings warm, when back we come, From hearts, whose pray'r's watch'd  
o'er us! Tears starting, at parting Hearts beat-ing, at meeting,  
Oh! sweet youth, how lost on some, To some how bright and  
fleeting!

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## JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

DUETT.

Portuguese Air

*Smoothly  
and in  
Moderate time.*

*p p legati*      *cres*      *f p*

*pp*      *sosten*

*dol*

Whisp'ring, heard by wakeful maids, To whom the night-stars guide us—  
*dol*  
 Whisp'ring, heard by wakeful maids, To whom the night-stars guide us—  
*pp*

Stolen walks through moon-light shades, With those we love be - side us—  
 Stolen walks through moon-light shades, With those we love be - side us—

Hearts beat-ing, at meet-ing, Tears start-ing at part-ing

Hearts beat-ing, at meet-ing, Tears start-ing at part-ing

Oh! sweet youth, how soon it fades, Sweet joys of youth, how fleet-ing!

sweet youth, how soon it fades, Sweet joys of youth, how fleet-ing!

dol

f

dol

Wand'rings far a-way from home, With life all new be-fore us;

dol

Wand'rings far a-way from home, With life all new be-fore us;

pp

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Greet\_ings warm when back we come, From hearts, whose pray'rs watch'd  
Greet\_ings warm when back we come, From hearts, whose pray'rs watch'd

o'er us! Tears start-ing, at parting, Hearts beat-ing, at meeting—  
o'er us! Tears start-ing, at parting, Hearts beat-ing, at meeting—

Oh! sweet youth, how lost on some, To some how bright and fleet-ing!  
sweet youth, how lost on some, To some how bright and fleet-ing!

## HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

### French Air.

With  
Expression?

*With Expression?*

**1.**

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In which our Love lies cold and dead,  
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave Of joys now lost and charms now fled.

**2.**

calando

calando

*mf*

*mf*

110

Who could have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would  
fade a-way? Or that a chill would e'er come o'er Those  
eyes, so bright through many a day!

calando

## HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

DUETT.

French air.

*With Expression.*

*espress.*

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In

*espress.*

Hear me but once, while o'er the grave, In

*pp*

which our Love lies cold and dead,

which our Love lies cold and dead,

112

I count each flatt'r - - ing hope he gave Of  
I count each hope he gave Of  
joys now lost and charms now fled!  
joys - - now lost and charms now fled!  
f ppp ppp mf

Who would have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would

Who would have thought the smile he wore, When first we met, would

cres

fade a - way? Or that a chill would e'er come o'er Those eyes so  
fade a - way? Or a chill come o'er Those eyes so

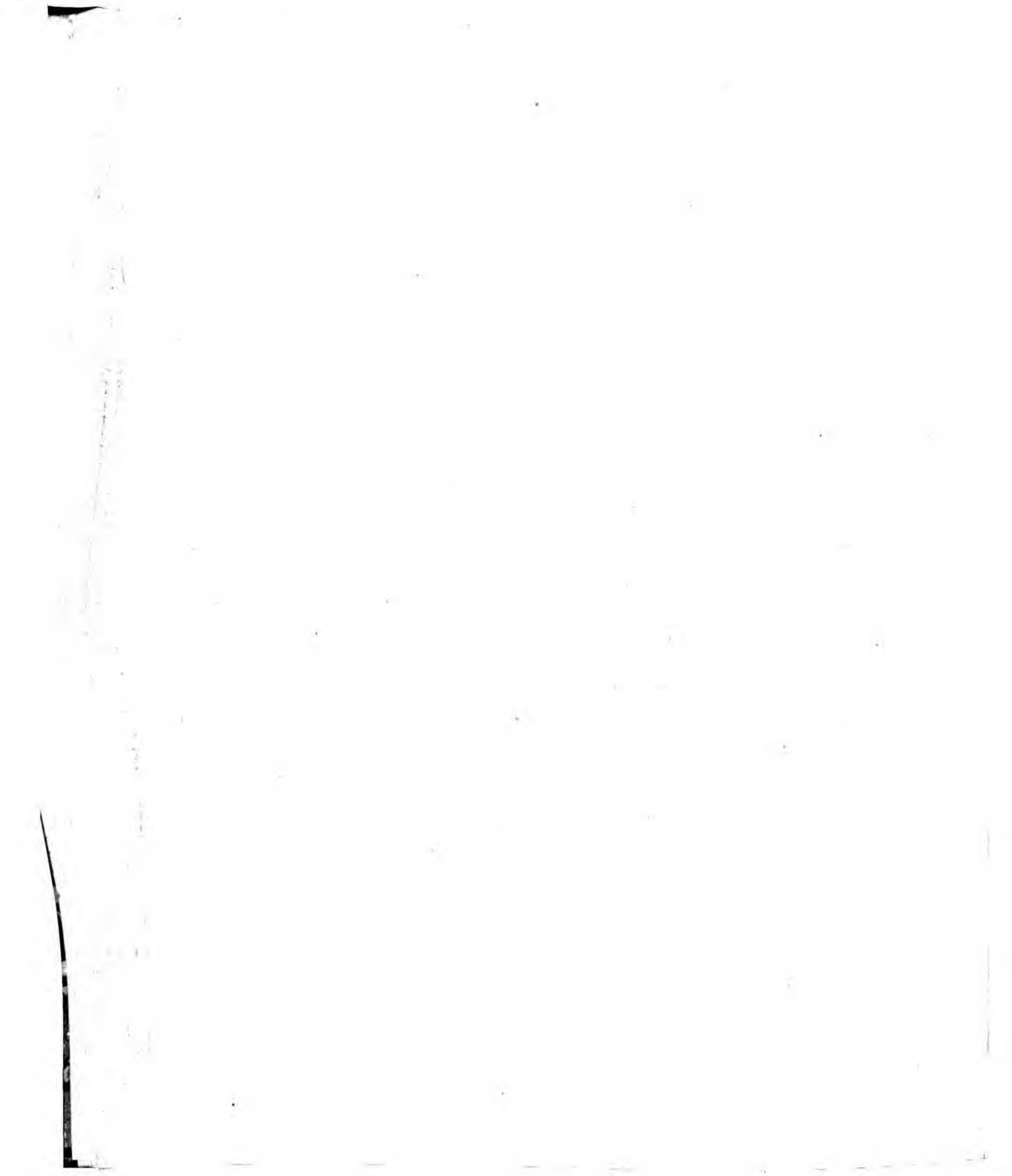
calando

bright through many a day!

calando

bright through many a day!

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A SELECTION OF  
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS,  
with Symphonies and Accompaniments  
By  
HENRY R. BISHOP,  
*The Words by*  
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ<sup>R</sup>.



"O'er head from the trees hung a Garland fair,  
A fountain run darkly beneath—  
'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow'rs up there,  
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath."

Print'd at Sta. Hall,

R. & E. Williamson, Sculp<sup>r</sup>

Price 12<sup>s</sup>

L O N D O N ,

Published Feby 14, 1822, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

(Third Number.)



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## WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

I

Swedish air,

*Ind. Moderate  
Time.*

1114/400

2

head from the trees hung a Garland fair, A fountain run darkly be-

neath — 'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flow'rs up there, Love

knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know — and at his weak years, What

ur-chin was like - ly to know?— That Sorrow had made of her  
own salt tears That foun-tain which murmur'd be - low.  
He caught at the wreath— but with  
too much haste, As boys, when im-patient, will do — It

1114/400

4

fell in those waters of bri-ny taste, And the flowers were all wet

through. Yet

this is the wreath he wears night and day, And, though it all sun-ny ap-

pears With Pleasure's own lus-tre, each leaf, they say, Still

tastes of the Foun-tain of Tears.

## SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO DAY?

*Siciliano, fir.,*

*With spirit  
and feeling*

Say, what shall be our sport to day? There's nothing on earth, in sea or air, Too  
 bright, too bold, too high, too gay, For spirits like mine to dare! 'Tis  
 like the re-turn-ing bloom Of those days, a-las, gone by, When I

lov'd, each hour- I scarce knew whom, And was blest- I scarce knew why, When I

lov'd, each hour, I scarce knew whom, And was blest I scarce knew

why, was blest I scarce knew why.

Aye- those were days, when life had wings, And

flew- oh flew so wild a height, That like the lark, which sunward springs, Twas

giddy with too much light! And, though of some plumes be-reft, With that

sun, too, near-ly set, I've e-nough of light And wing still left For a

few gay soar-ings yet, I've e-nough of light and wing still left For a

few gay soar-ings yet For a few gay soar-ings yet.

## BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(Welsh Melody)

*In Melodeon  
time.  
Gently*

Bright be thy dreams—  
may all thy weeping Turn into smiles, while thou art sleeping!  
Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,  
All thou'st e- ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smil-ing to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,

Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest; Still the same - no charm for - got,

Nothing lost that Life had giv - en - Or, if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thoul't

find her yet in Hea - ven!

627

## BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

DUETT.

(Melodeon, etc.)

*First voice.* *Second voice.*

*In. Moderate Time.* *Soave.* *f* *p* *ritard.*

*Tidily*

Bright, be thy dreams,  
Bright, be thy dreams,  
may all thy weeping Turn in-to smiles, while thou art sleep-ing!  
may all thy weeping Turn in-to smiles, while thou art sleep-ing!

Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,  
Those, by death or seas remov'd, Friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,

All thou'st e\_ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smiling to thee!

All thou'st e\_ver priz'd or lov'd, In dreams come smil\_ing to thee!

There may the child,

There may the child,

*f* *pp* *f* *pp*

whose love lay deepest, Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest —

whose love lay . deepest, Dearest of all, come, while thou sleepest —

## 12

Still the same— no charm for - got, No - thing lost that  
 Still the same— no charm for - got, No - thing lost that

Life had giv - en— Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'l<sup>l</sup> espres:  
 Life had giv - en— Or if chang'd, but chang'd to what Thou'l<sup>l</sup>

find her yet in Heaven!

find her yet in Heaven!

*f* *p ritard*

## GO THEN—'TIS VAIN.

*Sicilian. 4th.*

*Mournfully*

Soave.

Go then—'tis vain to ho—ver, Thus round a hope that's dead—'

At length my dream is o—ver, 'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled.

Fare—well—since nougnt it moves thee

## 14

Such truth as mine to see - - - - - Such truth as mine to

legati Cres

see - - - - - Some one, who far less loves thee, Perhaps more blest will

mf

be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness New life a - round me shed - -

Farewell, false heart, whose light - ness Now leaves me death in - stead -

Go now, those charms sur - ren - der To some new lo - ver's sigh - -

legati

To some new lo - ver's sigh - - - One, who tho' far less

Cres. *mf*

ten - - der, May be more blest than I.

## THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

*Swiftly*

*Gaily*

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While  
 grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. And

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17

when we meet with store of gems, We grudge not kings their di-adems, — O'er  
mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While  
grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each  
instant echo to our song.

*ad lib:* *a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

*cres.*

*mf* *f* *ff*

*slentando*

*p* *pp*

627

No Lover half so fondly dreams Of sparkles from his lady's eyes, As  
 a tempo.

we of those refreshing gleams, That tell where deep the Crystal lies ; Tho'  
 a tempo.

ad lib: a tempo

next to crystal, we, too, grant, That ladies, eyes may most enchant— O'er  
 a tempo.

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a long, While  
 a tempo.

19

grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each instant echo to our song.

mf *cresc.* *ff*

*slentando.*

pp

Sometimes when o'er the Alpine rose, The golden sunset leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'ret glows, We thither bend our head-long way. And

20

ad lib:

a tempo.

tho' we find no treasure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair—O'er

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed along, While

grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

cres

in\_stant e\_cho to our song.

## THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Swiss Chorus

*Gaely*

*First Voice*

*Second Voice*

*Bass*

*Piano*

*Bass*

*Piano*

*Bass*

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hun-ters

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hun-ters

O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hun-ters

22

speed along, While grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo  
 speed along, While grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo  
 speed along, While grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo

ad lib:

to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their  
 to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their  
 to our song, And when we meet with store of gems We grudge not kings their

Chorus. a Tempo.

di-adems—O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters  
 di-adems—O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters  
 di-adems—O'er mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters

Colla Voce      *mf*      *a. Tempo.*

speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each  
speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each  
speed a - long, While grots, and caves, And i - cy waves Each

cres f

instant e - cho to our song. Each instant e - cho to our song.

cres f

instant e - cho to our song. Each instant e - cho to our song.

cres f

instant e - cho to our song. Each instant e - cho to our song.

cres mf f

Cres ff

Slentando.

dim pp

## 24

A musical score for a three-part vocal arrangement (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and piano. The score consists of six staves. The top three staves are for the vocal parts, and the bottom three staves are for the piano. The vocal parts are in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The piano part includes bass and harmonic lines. The lyrics are as follows:

No Lover half so fondly dreams Of sparkles from his  
No Lover half so fondly dreams Of sparkles from his  
No Lover half so fondly dreams Of sparkles from his  
la - dy's eyes, As we of those re - fresh - ing gleams, That  
la - dy's eyes, As we of those re - fresh - ing gleams, That  
la - dy's eyes, As we of those re - fresh - ing gleams, That  
tell where deep the crys - tal lies. Tho' next to crys - tal  
tell where deep the crys - tal lies. Tho' next to crys - tal  
tell where deep the crys - tal lies. Tho' next to crys - tal

1114/400

Chorus, 25  
a Tempo.

ad lib:

we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most en-chant— O'er  
we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most en-chant— O'er  
we, too, grant, That la-dies, eyes may most en-chant— O'er

Colla Voce

moun-tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hun-ters  
moun-tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hun-ters  
moun-tains, bright with snow and light, We Crys-tal-hun-ters

a Tempo

speed a-long, While grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each  
speed a-long, While grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each  
speed a-long, While grots, and caves, And i-cy waves Each

1114/400



leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'ret glows, We

leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'ret glows, We

leaves its ray, So like a gem the flow'ret glows, We

thi-ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

thi-ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

thi-ther bend our head - long way: And tho' we find no

ad lib: Chorus

tre-a - sure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair— O'er

tre-a - sure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair— O'er

tre-a - sure there, We bless the rose, that shines so fair— O'er

Colla Voce

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a long, While

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a long, While

mountains, bright with snow and light, We Crystal-hunters speed a long, While

grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

grots, and caves, And icy waves Each instant echo to our song. Each

instant echo to our song.

instant echo to our song.

instant echo to our song.



1114/400

## ROW GENTLY HERE.



DRAWN BY T. STOTHARD, R.A.

ENGRAVED BY C. MARIE

Now rest thee here, my gondolier.  
Hush! hush! — for up I go  
To climb yon light balcony's height,  
While thou keep'st watch below.

## ROW GENTLY HERE.

*Venetian Air.*

*In rowing  
time?*

Row gentle here, my gon-do-lier, So soft-ly wake the tide; That

not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we glide.. Had

Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star-ry eyes to see, Oh

ad lib:

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

mf

Now rest thee here, my gondo-lier, Hush hush— for up I

1114/400

go To climb yon light Bal-co-ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be-

low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a - bove But half such pains as

we Take day and night, for woman's love, What An-gels we should

be!

ad libitum

mf

p slentando

pp

## ROW GENTLY HERE.

DUETT.

Venetian (ir.)

*In rowing*  
*Time.*

Row gently here, my gondo - lier, So soft - ly wake the  
 tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

Row gently here, my gondo - lier, So soft - ly wake the  
 tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

pp

tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

tide; That not an ear on earth may hear, But hers to whom we

glide. Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As starry eyes to see, Oh

glide. Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As starry eyes to see, Oh

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me.

think what tales 'twould have to tell Of wand'ring youths like me. *a Tempo*

Colla Voce

Now rest thee here, my gon-do-liер, Hush hush — for up I

Now rest thee here, my gon-do-liер, Hush hush — for up I

<img alt="Musical score for a vocal piece with piano accompaniment. The score consists of four systems of music. The top two systems feature a vocal line with eighth-note patterns and a piano line with eighth-note chords. The vocal line includes lyrics in parentheses. The third system begins with a vocal line and then transitions to a piano line with eighth-note chords, marked 'Colla Voce'. The bottom two systems feature a piano line with eighth-note chords and a vocal line with eighth-note patterns. The vocal line includes lyrics in parentheses. Measure numbers 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 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913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053

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go To climb yon light Bal-co\_ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be-  
 go To climb yon light Bal-co\_ny's height, While thou keep'st watch be-  
 low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a\_bove But half such pains as  
 low. Ah! did we take for Heav'n a\_bove But half such pains as  
 we Take day and night, for woman's love, What Angels we should be!  
 we Take day and night, for woman's love, What Angels we should be!

ad lib:

Colla Voce *f* a tempo

*p* alentando. *p* p o

## OH DAYS OF YOUTH.

### French (ix.)

With Impassioned Melancholy,

*p* > > *morendo* *dim*

Oh days of youth and joy, long clouded, Why thus for e-ver  
*pp*

haunt my view? When in the grave your light lay shrouded, Why did not

me-mory die there too? Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,

*slentando*

## MAJORE.

Whisp'ring of joys that yet re - main - No - no, never, more can

this life bring me One joy that e - quals youth's sweet pain..

No - no, never more can this life bring me One joy that e - quals

youth's sweet pain - One joy that e - quals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death be-

*mf* *p* *dim* *pp*

fore me, Cold winds of Time blow round my brow. Sunshine of youth that

*espress.*

once fell o'er me, Where is your warmth, your glo-ry now? 'Tis not that

*alentando.*

then no pain could sting me. 'Tis not that now no joys re - main -

38

MAJORE.

Oh it is that life no more can bring me One joy so

sweet as that worst pain. Oh it is that life no more can

bring me One joy so sweet as that worst pain One joy so

sweet as that worst pain.

## WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

*Venetian Cir.*

*In. Moderate*  
*Time, with Expression.*

When first that smile, like

sun-shine, bless'd my sight, Oh! what a vi-sion then came

o'er me, Long years of love, of calm and pure de-light,

Seem'd in that smile to pass be - \_fore me.

Cres

Ne'er did the peasant dream ne'er dream of summer skies, Of

golden fruit, and harvests springing, With fonder hope than

I of those sweet eyes, And of the joy their light was bringing.

colla voce

### Tempo 1<sup>mo</sup>

Where now are all those  
 fond-ly promis'd hours? Oh Wo-man's faith is like her  
 bright-ness, Fad-ing as fast as rain-bows or day  
 flow'rs, Or aught that's known for grace and light-ness.

Short as the Per\_sian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

be each vow of Love's re - peat-ing - Quick let him

wor - ship beau\_ty's pre\_cious ray, Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is

fleet - ing!

Tempo 1<sup>mo</sup>

## WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

DUETT.

Venetian Chorus

*In Moderate Time, with Expression.*

When first that smile, like  
When first that smile, like  
sunshine bless'd my sight, Oh, what a vision then came o'er me,  
sunshine bless'd my sight, then came o'er me,

44

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight, Seem'd in that

Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,

smile to pass be-fore me. Ne'er did the pea-sant dream ne'er

to pass be-fore me. Ne'er did the pea-sant dream ne'er

dream of summer skies, Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,

dream of summer skies, Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,

With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes, And of the

With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,

*ad lib:*

joy their light was bring-ing.

their light was bring-ing.

*Colla Voce.* *a Tempo*

Where now are all those fond-ly promis'd hours?

Where now are all those fond-ly promis'd hours?

## 46

Oh! woman's faith is like her brightness — Fading as fast as  
 is like her brightness — Fading as fast as

Cres

rainbows or day-flow'r's Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.  
 rainbows or day-flow'r's for grace and lightness.

Cres

Short as the Persian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must  
 Short as the Persian's pray'r his pray'r at close of day, Must

be each vow of Love's re-pea\_ting — Quick let him worship

be each vow of Love's re-pea\_ting — Quick let him worship

Beau\_ty's precious ray, Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is ad libit

Beau\_ty's precious ray, that ray is

Colla Voce.

fleet ing.

fleet ing.

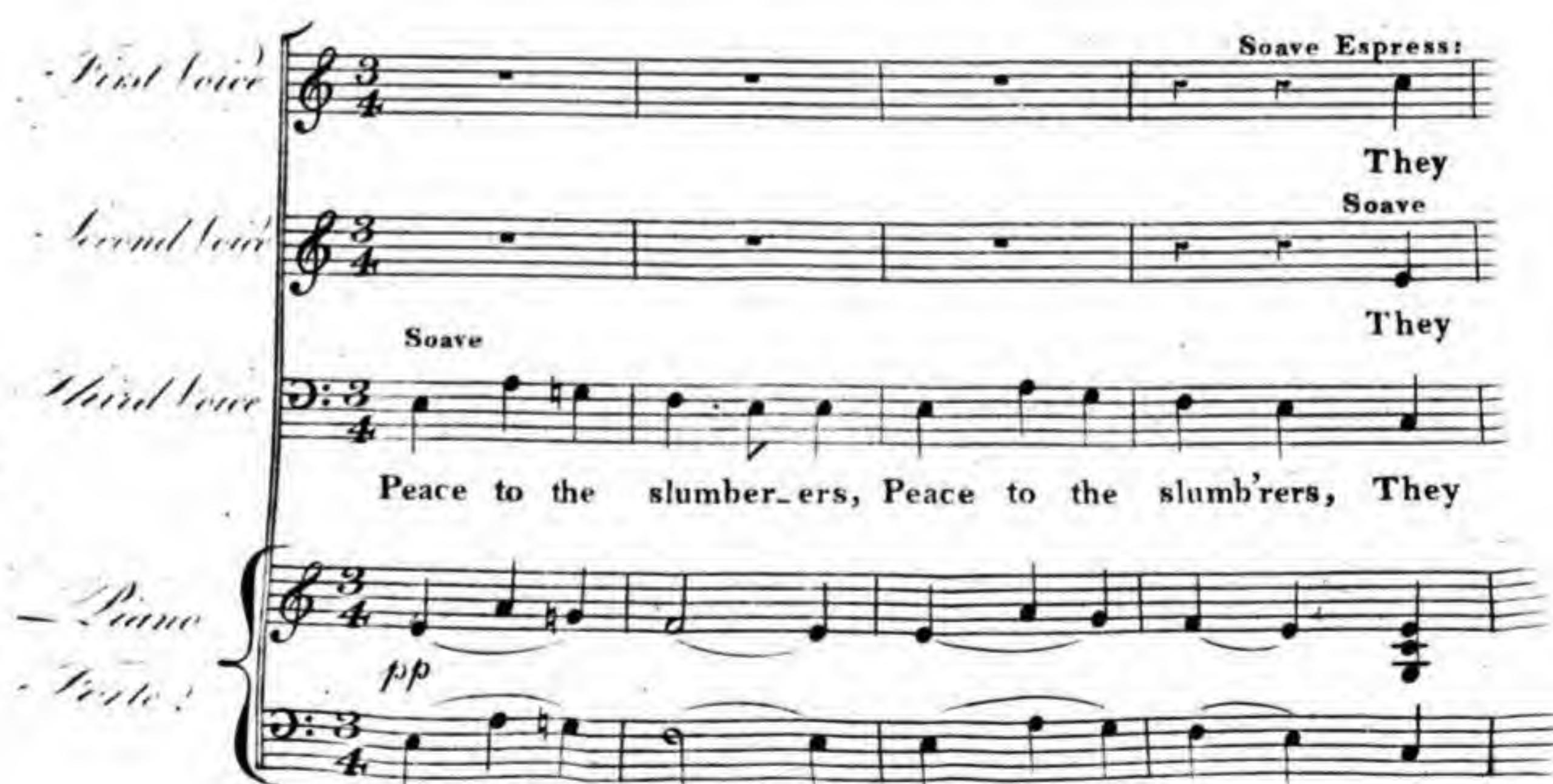
a Tempo Dim

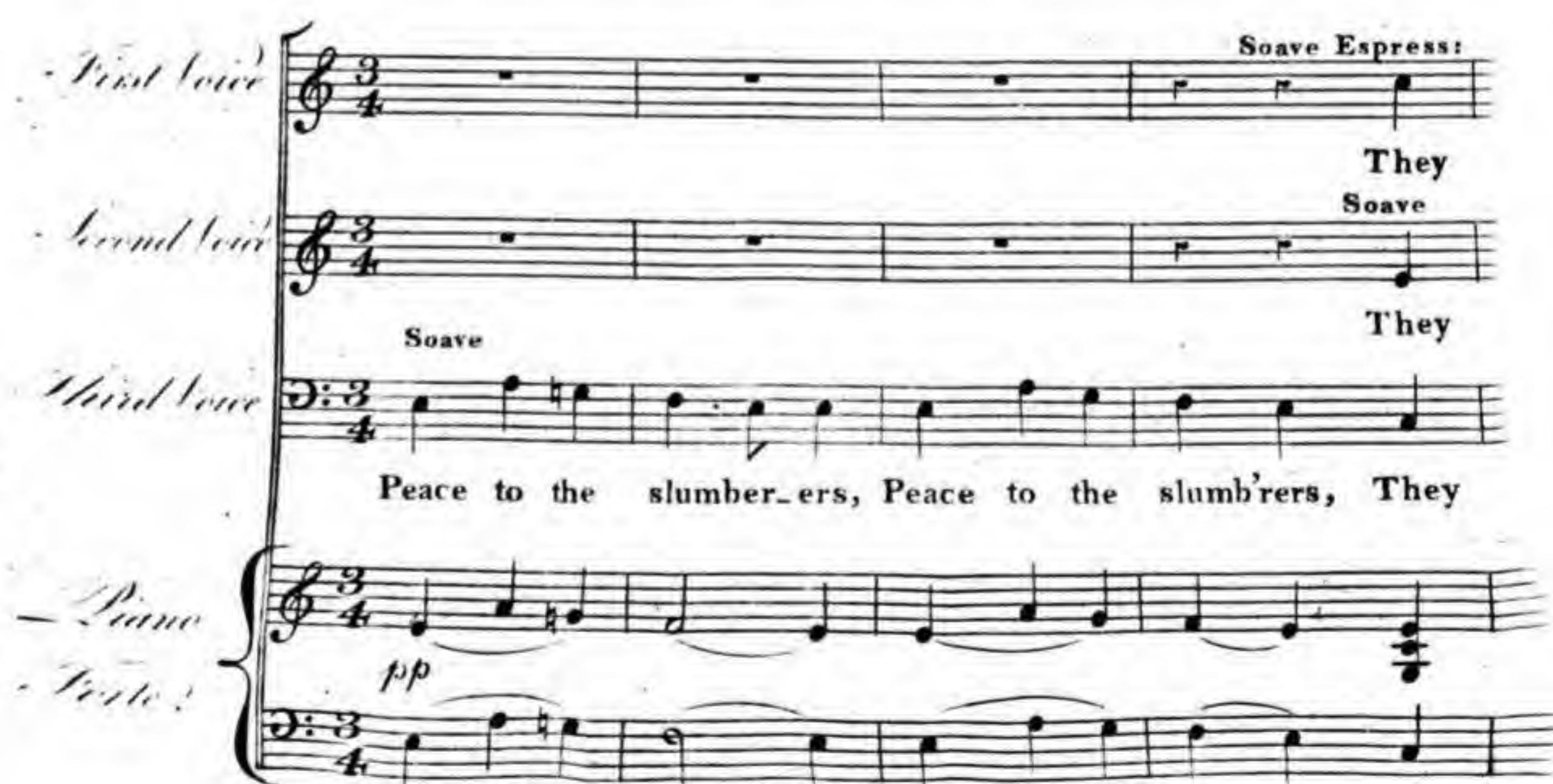
## PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS.

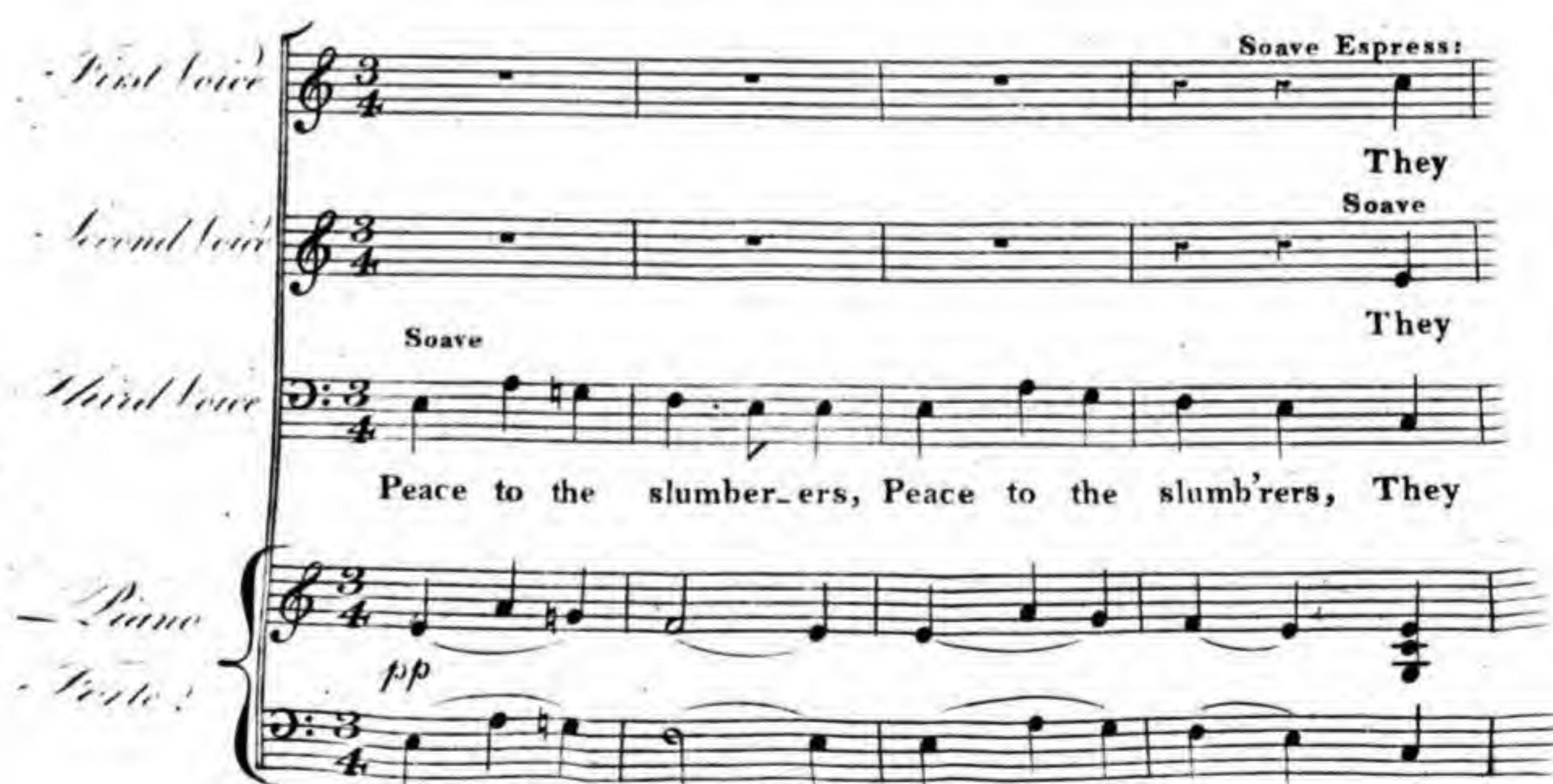
ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.

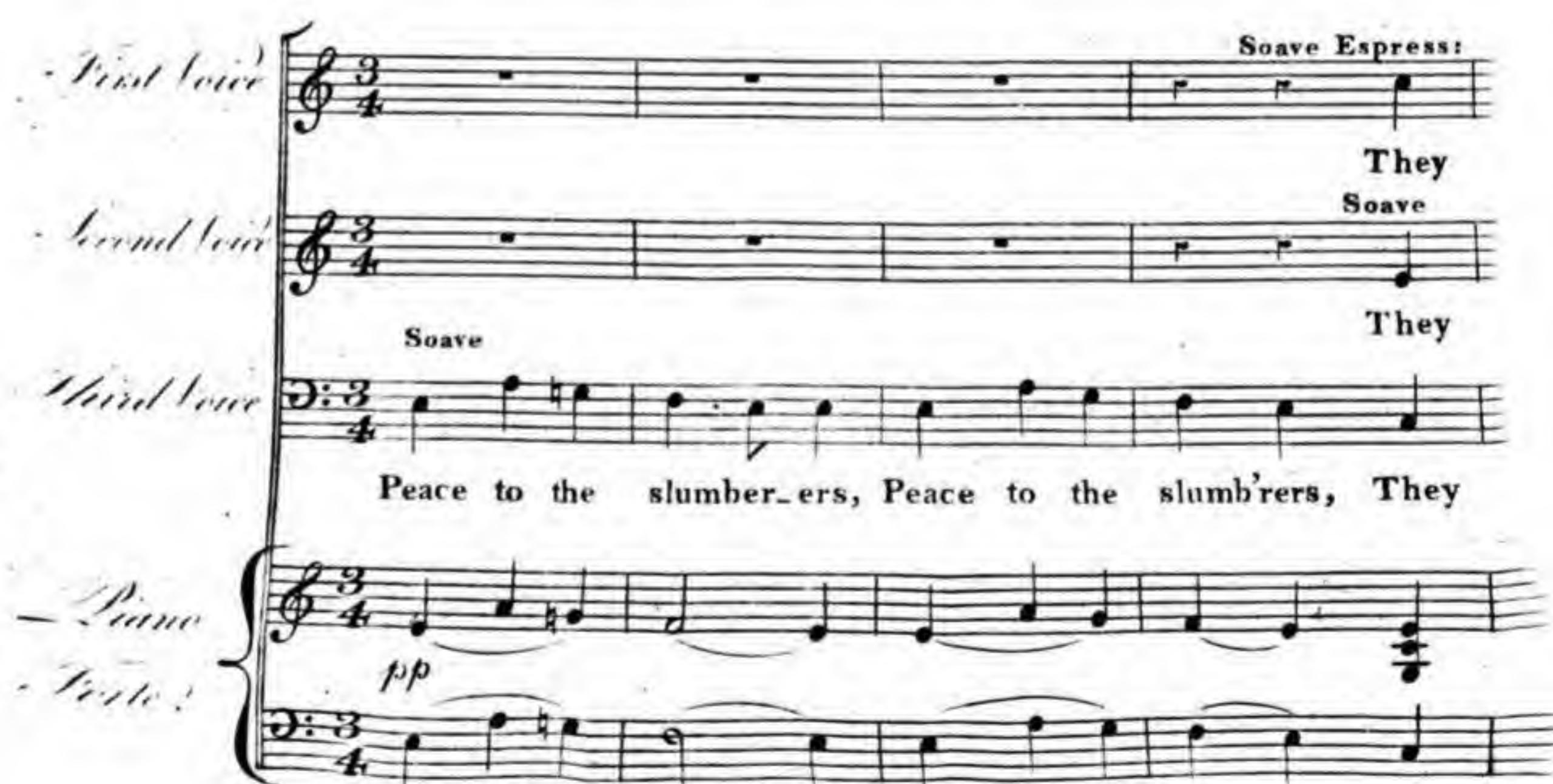
*Catalonian. six.*

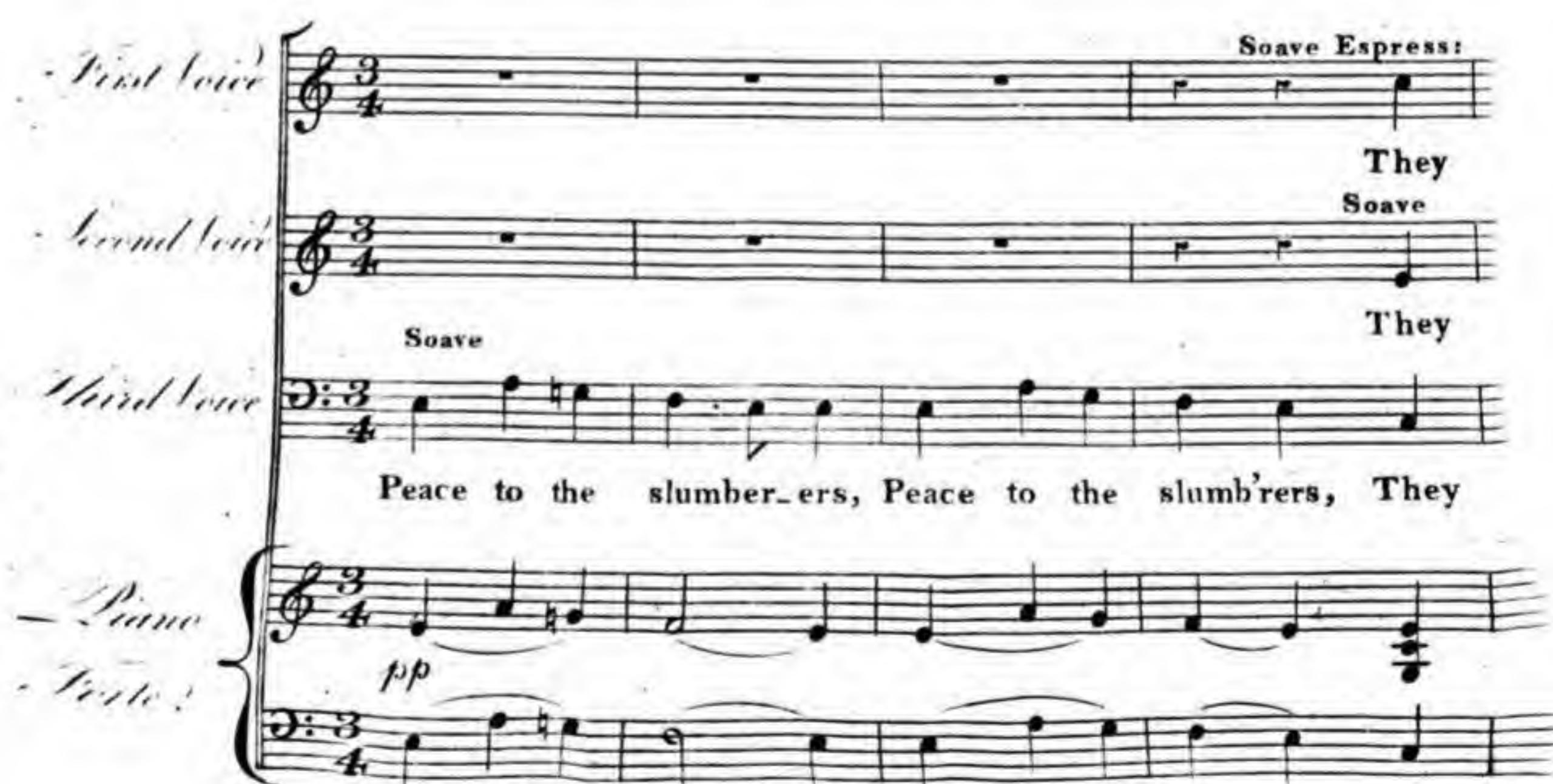
*Soprano* { 

*First voice* { 

*Second voice* { 

*Third voice* { 

*Piano* { 

*Basso continuo* { 

lie on the bat-tle plain, With no shroud to co-ver them, With

lie on the bat-tle plain, With no shroud to co-ver them, With

lie on the bat-tle plain, With no shroud to co-ver them, With

no shroud to co-ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

no shroud to co-ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

no shroud to co-ver them, The dew and the summer rain Are

all that weep o-ver them, Are all that weep o-ver them.

all that weep o-ver them, Are all that weep o-ver them.

all that weep o-ver them, Are all that weep o-ver them.

1114/400

50

slentando. Vain was their brav'ry,  
mf Cres p  
The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A-cross the wint'ry  
The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A-cross the wint'ry  
Vain was their brav'ry. The fall'n Oak lies where it lay, A-cross the wint'ry  
p  
ri-ver, A-cross the wint'ry ri-ver, But brave hearts, once  
ri-ver, A-cross the wint'ry ri-ver, But brave hearts, once  
ri-ver, A-cross the wint'ry ri-ver, But brave hearts, once  
f



114/400

52

cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be-reft us, Of whom his sword be-  
 cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be-reft us, Of whom his sword be-  
 cold as theirs, Of whom his sword be-reft us, Of whom his sword be-  
 ref<sup>f</sup> us, Ere we for-get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have  
 ref<sup>f</sup> us, Ere we for-get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have  
 ref<sup>f</sup> us, Ere we for-get the deep arrears Of vengeance they have  
 left us, Of vengeance they have left us!  
 left us, Of vengeance they have left us!  
 left us, Of vengeance they have left us!  
 Colla Voce,  $\#$   $\#$   $\#$  :

## WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

*Siciliano*

*Tenderly*

When thou shalt wander by that sweet

light We us'd to gaze on so many an eve, When love was

new and hope was bright, Ere I could doubt, or thou de-

ceive— Oh then rememb'ring how swift went by Those hours of

11147400

54

transport - ev'n thou may'st sigh. Yes, proud one,  
e - ven thy heart may own That love like ours was far too  
sweet, To be like sum - mer garments thrown a - side, when  
past the summer's heat; And wish in vain to know a -  
gain Such days such nights as bless'd thee then.

## "WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE KNOTS?"

*Portuguese Chorus*

*Playfully.* *dol e legati.*

Hymen late, his love-knots sell-ing, Call'd at many a maid'en's  
 dwell-ing, None could doubt, who saw or knew them, Hymen's call was welcome  
 to them. Who'll buy my loveknots? Who'll buy my loveknots? Soon as that sweet cry re-

sounded, How his baskets were surrounded! Maids, who  
cres p

now first dreamt of trying These gay knots of Hymen's ty - ing, Dames, who

long had sat to watch him Passing by—but ne'er could catch him! Who'll buy my

loveknots? who'll buy my loveknots? All at that sweet cry assembled, Some laugh'd.

some blush'd, and some trembled. "Here are knots" said Hymen

Cres p

tak-ing Some loose flow'rs of Love's own making; Here are gold ones — you may

trust 'em (These, of course, found ready custom) Come buy my loveknots, come buy my

loveknots, Some are labell'd "Knots to tie men — Love the maker, Bought of

*Hymen?\** Scarce their bar-gains were com-plete-ed, When the  
*Cres*  
*Nymphs all cried\* we're cheated— See these flow'rs, they're drooping sadly; This gold*  
*knot, too, ties but badly Who'd buy such loveknots? Who'd buy such loveknots? Ev'n this*  
*tie, with Love's name round it— All a sham— He never bound it!\*\**  
*Cres*

Love, who saw the whole proceeding, Would have laugh'd, but for good-

breeding; While old Hymen, who was us'd to Cries like that these

Dames gave loose to "Take back our loveknots—Take back our loveknots" Coolly

ad lib:

said "There's no return-ing wares on Hymen's hands—good morning."

Cres *mf*

## SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

*Carol Sung at Rome on Christmas Eve.*

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES.

Moderately

Slowly

*loc.*

2d Voice.

See, the dawn from Heav'n is break-ing, The dawn from Heav'n is  
 break-ing o'er our sight, And Earth, from sin a-wak-ing,

1<sup>st</sup> Voice.

See, those groups of An - gels wing - ing, those

hails - the sight.

groups of An - gels wing - ing from the realms a -

bove; Bring - ing wreaths of

On their sun-ny brows from E - den bring - ing Wreaths of hope and

On their sun-ny brows from E - den bring - ing Wreaths of hope and



through the air, To mortal ears reveal - ing Who lies

There, in that dwell-ing dark and low - ly, That dwell-ing dark and

there.

*fp*

low - ly, Sleeps the heaven-ly Son.

He, whose home is in the

He, whose home is in the

The Ho - ly One! He, whose home is in the  
 skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One! He, whose home is in the  
 skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!

skies, the Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly One!

the Ho - ly One!

mf

dim      p      pp

A Catalogue  
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*Go where Glory waits thee*  
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*Erin, the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes*  
*Oh! Breathe not his name*  
*Where he who adores thee*  
*The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls*  
*Fly not yet!*  
*Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light*  
*Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin*  
*Rich and rare were the Gems she wore*  
*As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow*  
*The Meeting of the Waters*

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*Take back the virgin Page*  
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*We may roam thro' this World*  
*Evelin's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)*  
*Let Erin remember the Days of old*  
*Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters*  
*Come, send round the Wine*  
*Sublime was the Warning*  
*Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms*

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*Planxty Johnstone*  
*Captain Megan*  
*Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)*  
*Drink to her*

*Oh! blame not the Bard*  
*While gazing on the Moon's Light*  
*When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow*  
*Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)*  
*After the Battle*  
*Oh! 'tis sweet to think*  
*The Irish Peasant to his Mistress*  
*When thro' Life unblest we rove*  
*It is not the Tear at this Moment shed*  
*'Tis believ'd that this Harp*

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*The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)*  
*Weep on, weep on*  
*Lesbia hath a beaming Eye*  
*I saw thy Form in youthful Prime*  
*By that Lake whose gloomy Shore*  
*She is far from the Land*  
*Nay, tell me not*  
*Avenging and bright*  
*What the Bee is to the Floweret*  
*Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)*  
*This Life is all chequer'd*

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*Thro' Erin's Isle*  
*At the mid Hour of Night*  
*One Bumper at Parting!*  
*'Tis the last Rose of Summer*  
*The young May Moon*  
*The Minstrel Boy*  
*The Valley lay smiling before me*  
*Oh! had we some bright little Isle*  
*Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour*  
*Oh! doubt me not*  
*You remember Ellen*  
*I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me*

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*Come o'er the Sea*  
*Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?*  
*No, not more welcome*  
*When first I met thee*  
*While History's Muse*  
*The Time I've lost in wooing*  
*Oh! where's the Slave?*  
*Come, rest in this Bosom*  
*'Tis gone, and for ever*  
*I saw from the Beach*  
*Fill the Bumper fair*  
*Dear Harp of my Country*

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*My gentle Harp! once more I waken*  
*As slow our ship her foamy Track*  
*In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown*  
*When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd*  
*Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart*  
*Wreath the Bowl*  
*Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes*  
*If thou'l be mine, the Treasures of Air*  
*To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy*  
*Forget not the Field where they perish'd*  
*They may rail at this Life*  
*Oh for the Swords of former Time!*

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*Ne'er ask the Hour*  
*Sail on, sail on*  
*The Parallel*  
*Drink of this Cup*  
*The Fortune-teller*  
*Oh ye Dead!*  
*O'Donohue's Mistress*  
*The Echo*  
*Oh banquet not*  
*Thee, thee, only thee*  
*Shall the Harp, then, be silent?*  
*Oh the Sight entrancing*

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All that's bright must fade .....	Indian
Dost thou remember? .....	Portuguese
Fare thee well! thou lovely one! .....	Sicilian
Flow on, thou shining river! .....	Portuguese
Oh! come to me when daylight sets .....	Venetian
Oft in the stilly night .....	Scotch
Reason, Folly, and Beauty .....	Italian
Should those fond hopes .....	Portuguese
So warmly we met .....	Hungarian
Those evening bells .....	The bells of St. Petersburg
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing .....	Russian

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Come, chase that starting tear away .....	French
Common sense and genius .....	Ditto
Gaily sounds the castanet .....	Maltese
Hear me but once .....	French
Joys of youth, how fleeting .....	Portuguese
Love and Hope .....	Swiss
Love is a hunter-boy .....	Languedocian
My harp has one unchanging theme .....	Swedish
Oh! no—not e'en when first we lov'd .....	Cashmerian
Peace be around thee .....	Scotch
Then fare thee well .....	English
There comes a time .....	German

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Thou art, oh God!	Weep not for those
This world is all a fleeting Show	The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
Fall'n is thy Throne	Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)
Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)	Go, let me weep
The Bird let loose	Come not, oh Lord!
Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tears	

Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
But who shall see
Almighty God! (Chorus of Priests)
Oh fair! oh purest! (St. Augustine to his Sister)

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Count not the Hours	My Love is but a Lassie yet
A Stranger is come	The Shadows are stealing
O do not think my words are cold	Dear Girl
Tho' my Visions of Life	The Crystal Waters

Oh cast not a Damp on this Hour of Delight
Oh why is yon Cottage so desolate
Fare ye well, my pretty Sophy!
Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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The Green Isles of Ocean	The Summer Storm is on the Mountain
Be happy to-day	The Lament of the Last Druid
Tis the step of my Morvydd	Ellen dear
Strike the Harp	The Heroes of Cymru
Sweet Vale of the Tywi	The Exile of Cambria
I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water	

Ye free Sons of Cambria
Oh Cambria! the Days of thy Glory
The Hirlas Horn
Oh Wallia! around thee
The Death of Llywelyn

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With Symphonies and Accompaniments by C. E. HORN, and Poems written to the Airs by WM. READER, Jun. Esq.—Price 15s.

## No. I.—Containing

Red is the Billow's Spray	Fair Dream!
Rose of this enchanted Vale	Bring me the Wine
Hark! the Song	How true the Spot
In the woody Wilds	In vain thou callest

Night is falling
From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
Maid of the wildly-wishing Eye

## LALLA ROOKH\*.

Selections from that CELEBRATED POEM, the MUSIC by the following NOBLE and EMINENT Composers:—

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Fly to the desert, Canzonett .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0	We part for ever .....	<i>Harris</i> ..... 1 6
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The song of the fire worshipper .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0	Fly to the desert, Ballad .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0
The Arabian maid .....	<i>Bishop</i> ..... 2 0	Hinda's appeal to her lover .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0
The feast of roses .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0	'Twas his voice, Recit. and Air .....	<i>Sir J. Stevenson</i> .. 2 0
The Georgian maid .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 6	Now morn is blushing, ditto .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0
The Peri pardoned, Recit. and Aria .....	<i>Dr. Clarke</i> ..... 2 6	Oh! fair as the sea-flower, Ballad .....	<i>T. Welsh</i> ..... 2 0
The Spirit's song, Recit. Andante & Aria <i>Ditto</i> .....	2 6	The Peri's song, ditto .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 2 0

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— 6, Angels ever bright and fair .....	1 0

(To be continued.)

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Ah Perdona .....	<i>Mozart</i> ..... 1 6	La ci darem la mano .....	<i>Mozart</i> ..... 1 0
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Che dice mal d'amore .....	<i>Mayer</i> ..... 1 6	Lungi dal caro bene .....	<i>Sarti</i> ..... 1 6
Deh vieni alla finestra .....	<i>Mozart</i> ..... 1 0	Oh quanto l' anima .....	<i>Mayer</i> ..... 1 6
Di piacer mi balza il cor .....	<i>Rossini</i> ..... 2 0	Su l' aria .....	<i>Mozart</i> ..... 1 0
Fin ch' han dal vino .....	<i>Ditto</i> ..... 1 0	Tu che accendi .....	<i>Rossini</i> ..... 2 0
Fra tante angoscie .....	<i>Carafa</i> ..... 2 0	Vederlo sol bramo .....	<i>Paer</i> ..... 2 6
Giovinette che fate .....	<i>Mozart</i> ..... 1 6	Vedrai carino .....	<i>Mozart</i> ..... 1 0

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## SONGS.

		s. d.			
ADIEU, at day-break .....	Kialmark .....	2 0	Green spot that blooms .....	Kelly .....	1
A farewell! .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	Grotto .....	Parry .....	1
Ah! me, why should I leave the fond .....	Kelly .....	1 6	Hapless Mary! .....	Dr. Clarke .....	2
Ah! say, lovely Emma! .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	Hark! the trumpet, hark! .....	Cooke .....	2
Ah! what woes are mine .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Heath, this night, must be my bed .....	Kemp .....	1
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh? .....	Horn .....	1 6	Henry and Sue .....	Horn .....	1
A lady once had lovers .....	Ditto .....	1 6	Here, in this lone little wood .....	Stevenson .....	2
Alice of Fyfe .....	West .....	2 0	Here's the bower .....	Moore .....	2
A medley .....	Horn .....	1 6	Her heart was made to love .....	Horn .....	1
And thou art young .....	King .....	2 0	Hoax .....	Ditto .....	1
Annot Lyle .....	Doyle .....	2 0	Hope, thou Nurse .....	Paisiello .....	1
A rosy cheek .....	Horn .....	1 6	Hope told a flattering tale .....	Stevenson .....	1
As when, at Nature's mighty word .....	King .....	1 6	Hour of victory .....	Moore .....	2
Auld lang syne .....	Burns .....	1 0	How happy once .....	Stevenson .....	1
Auld Robin Gray .....	Ditto .....	1 0	Hush'd be that sigh .....	Moore .....	2
Away with this pouting and .....	T. M., Esq. .....	1 0	Hush! dearest, hush! .....	Stevenson .....	1
A youth sat sighing .....	Kelly .....	1 6	Hush! forbear your faults .....	Horn .....	1
Banks of Allan Water .....	Horn .....	1 0	I always turn to thee .....	Kelly .....	1
Be gay! be gay! .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	I can no longer stifle .....	T. M., Esq. .....	1
Be sure that a smart little maid .....	King .....	1 6	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard .....	Ware .....	1
Bill of fare .....	Horn .....	1 6	If I swear by that eye .....	Stevenson .....	1
Black and blue eyes .....	Moore .....	2 0	If maidens would marry .....	Horn .....	1
Blighted rose .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	If then to love thee be offence .....	Stevenson .....	2
Bold is the maiden's heart .....	Kelly .....	1 6	If winter frowns .....	Horn .....	1
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled .....	Ditto .....	2 0	I have woven a garland for thee .....	Holden .....	1
Bud in beauty .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	I'll love thee ever dearly .....	Cooke .....	1
Can I again that form caress? .....	Moore .....	1 6	I'm deep in love .....	Parry .....	1
Cease, oh! cease to tempt .....	Ditto .....	2 0	I'm wearing awa .....	Burns .....	1
Cease your funning, (New Edition) .....	Walmisley .....	1 0	I'm wearing away .....	Stevenson .....	2
Chain and lute .....	Walmisley .....	2 0	In days of old .....	Horn .....	1
Chapter on pockets .....	Walmisley .....	1 0	Indian maid .....	Kelly .....	1
Child of glory .....	Kelly .....	1 6	I never told my love .....	Ditto .....	1
Come, all you forsaken .....	Dr. Clarke .....	1 6	In moments to delight .....	Walmisley .....	1
Come, take the harp .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	In the days of my youth .....	King .....	1
Come, tell me, says Rosa .....	Ditto .....	1 6	In vain may that bosom .....	Kelly .....	1
Come tell me where the maid is found .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Invitation, the .....	Turnbull .....	2
Come, my sweetest maid .....	Cooke .....	1 6	In yonder bower .....	Arnold .....	1
Contradiction .....	Cooke .....	1 6	I sigh for the days that are gone .....	Kelly .....	1
Day of love .....	Moore .....	2 0	It is not that a woman's eyes .....	Cooke .....	1
Darnon's complaint .....	Kelly .....	2 0	Kitty of Coleraine .....		1
Dandy beau .....	Cooke .....	2 0	Lament, the .....		2
Dear aunt .....	Moore .....	1 0	Land of Shillelah .....		1
Dear Fanny .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	Land o' the Leal (New Edition) .....		1
Dear ladies, listen to my tale .....	Howell .....	2 0	Light as the shadows of evening .....	Stevenson .....	1
Dear to my heart .....	Kelly .....	1 6	Light sounds the harp .....	Moore .....	2
Dearest Ellen, awake .....	Emin .....	1 6	Lilla, come down to me .....	Cooke .....	1
Deep in my soul .....	Duval .....	2 0	Little Mary's eye .....	T. M., Esq. .....	1
Did not? .....	Moore .....	1 6	London, now is out of town .....	Ware .....	1
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom .....	Smith .....	1 6	Look that says I love thee .....	Cooke .....	1
Does the harp of Rosa slumber? .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	Lord of the castle .....	King .....	1
Donald, (new edition) .....		1 0	Lottery, the .....	Moore .....	1
Emblem .....	Horn .....	2 0	Love .....	Horn .....	1
Ethereal hope, nuptial song .....	Hawes .....	2 0	Love and Time .....	Kelly .....	1
Every hour I lov'd thee more .....	Blewitt .....	2 0	Love, honour, and obey! .....	Cooke .....	1
Exile of Eriu .....	Campbell .....	1 0	Love in a storm .....	Barry .....	1
Ex postulation .....	Kelly .....	1 6	Love, like an April day .....	Horn .....	1
Fair lady, why this frowning? .....	Cooke .....	1 6	Love's light summer cloud .....	Moore .....	1
Fair Rosa! .....	Parry .....	1 6	Love thee, dearest, love thee .....	Moore .....	1
Fanny, dearest! .....	Moore .....	2 0	Loud the trump of war was blowing .....	Horn .....	1
Fanny was in the grove .....	T. M., Esq. .....	1 0	Maid of Marlivale .....	Stevenson .....	1
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest! .....	Molineux .....	1 0	Maid of the rock .....	Ditto .....	1
Farewell, Bessy! .....	Moore .....	1 6	Maid whose heart was cold to love .....	Ditto .....	1
Farewell, sweet eyes .....	Moore .....	1 6	Man I love .....	Kelly .....	1
Fly from the world, O Bessy! .....	Kelly .....	1 0	Mansion of love .....	Emin .....	1
Folly, the .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	March away, Helen! .....	Horn .....	1
For her I die .....	Moore .....	1 6	Mary, I believ'd thee true .....	Stevenson .....	1
Friend of my soul .....	Kelly .....	1 6	Monody .....	Hawes .....	1
From glory's heights descending .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	More laurels .....	O'Meara .....	1
From life, without freedom .....	Kelly .....	1 6	My heart's my own .....		1
Gallant Troubadour .....	Moore .....	2 0	My life, I love thee! .....	Kelly .....	1
Give, love! give .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	My love is gone to Islambol .....	Ditto .....	1
Golden chain .....	Beethoven .....	2 0	My love, when thou'rt away .....	Nicholson .....	1
Good night .....	Leonard .....	2 0	My dying sire .....	Kelly .....	1
Go, sweet enchantress! .....	Moore .....	2 0	My mother did one rule bequeath .....	Horn .....	1

	s. d.		s. d.		
Nay, weep not ! dear Ellen .....	Smith .....	2 0	Taste life's glad moments .....	Walmisley .....	1 6
Ned of the hills .....	Owenson .....	1 0	That shepherd, sure, is he .....	Stevenson .....	1 6
Nightingale, the .....	Sola .....	2 0	There's not a joy this world can give .....	Ditto .....	2 0
No joy without my love .....	Cooke .....	1 6	There's the bower .....	Ditto .....	1 6
Obey ! .....	Horn .....	1 6	These Messieurs, Anglois .....	Kearns .....	1 0
Oh ! come, sweet lass ! .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	They bid me sleep .....	Kemp .....	1 6
Oh ! fate in pity .....	Horn .....	1 6	They tell us that wives are .....	Kelly .....	1 0
Oh ! give me the heart that is cheerful .....	Cooke .....	1 6	Think no more, love, of our parting .....	Clifton .....	2 0
Oh ! if those eyes deceive me not .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	Tho' far from thee I'm roving .....	Dallas .....	2 6
Oh ! liberty .....	Moore .....	2 0	Tho' fate, my girl .....	Stevenson .....	1 6
Oh ! listen to your lover .....	Horn .....	2 0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Oh list unto my tale of .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	Tho' winter frowns .....	Horn .....	1 0
Oh ! Nanny, wilt thou gang .....	Carter .....	1 0	Thou hast sent me a flowery bairn .....	Moore .....	1 6
Oh ! never doubt my love .....	Cooke .....	2 0	Thunder-bolt frigate .....	Horn .....	1 6
Oh ! never from the maid depart .....	King .....	1 0	Thy gentle manners .....	Attwood .....	2 0
Oh ! nothing in life can sadden us .....	T. M., Esq. ....	1 0	Thyrsis .....	Stevenson .....	1 6
Oh ! remember the time .....	Moore .....	2 0	Thyrsa .....	Walmisley .....	3 9
Oh ! see those cherries .....	Ditto .....	2 0	'Tis love that should rule the breast .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Oh ! smile not thus .....	Smith .....	1 6	'Tis wine alone can banish care .....	Stevenson .....	1 6
Oh ! soon return .....	Moore .....	2 0	To Julia, weeping .....	Ditto .....	1 0
Oh ! such is love .....	Kearns .....	1 6	Toll not the bell .....	Dallas .....	2 0
Oh ! white is the snow .....	Kelly .....	2 0	To love thee .....	Mrs. Opie .....	1 6
Oh ! why should the girl of my soul .....	Moore .....	2 0	To the brook and the willow .....	Stevenson .....	1 6
Oh ! woman ! .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Oh ! woods of green Erin .....	Doyle .....	2 0	Triumph of Russia .....	Ditto .....	2 6
Oh ! would I ne'er had seen thee ! .....	Stevenson .....	1 0	Trumpet of glory .....	Moore .....	2 0
Oh ! yes—so well, so tenderly .....	Moore .....	2 6	'Twas on a wild and lonely .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Oh ! yes, when the bloom .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Tyrolese song .....	Moore .....	2 0
Old Margery Grizzle .....	King .....	1 0	Ulrica .....	Cooke .....	1 0
On a grand gala night .....	Cooke .....	1 6	Vittoria .....	Ditto .....	2 0
One dear smile .....	Moore .....	2 0	Wake, maid of Lorn .....	Stevenson .....	2 6
Orator Puff .....	Ditto .....	1 6	What's life unblest with Love .....	Ditto .....	1 6
Orphan boy .....	Smith .....	2 0	When a man weds .....	Horn .....	1 6
O softly sleep ! .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Whence can you inherit .....		1 0
Paddy in London .....	Irish Air .....	1 0	When Charles was deceived .....	Moore .....	2 0
Paddy the piper .....	Ditto .....	1 0	When fickle man for woman sighs .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Pangs of absence .....	Philipps .....	1 6	When from thy sight, love .....	Ditto .....	1 6
Parting hour is come, love .....	Doyle .....	2 0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd .....	Ditto .....	2 0
Parting look she gave .....	Turnbull .....	2 0	When I went for a soldier .....	Horn .....	1 6
Pleasures of Brighton .....	Horn .....	1 6	When Leila touch'd the lute .....	Moore .....	2 0
Plumed casque .....	Kelly .....	1 6	When love gets in the youthful brain .....	Horn .....	1 6
Poh ! Dermot, go 'long with your goster .....	T. M., Esq. ....	1 6	When love and truth together play'd .....	Philipps .....	1 6
Pray, Goody ! .....		1 0	When love was fresh from his cradle .....	West .....	1 6
Pretty Sophy .....	Bishop .....	2 0	When midst the gay .....	Moore .....	2 0
Probability .....	T. M., Esq. ....	1 6	When night was spreading o'er me .....	Stevenson .....	2 0
Rabbincal origin of woman .....	Moore .....	1 6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed .....	King .....	1 0
Ray that beams for ever .....	Kelly .....	2 0	When the girl of my heart .....	Dr. Clarke .....	2 0
Remembrances .....	Mrs. Mc Mullan ..	2 0	When the rose-bud of summer .....	Stevenson .....	2 0
Return, my love .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	When time, who steals .....	Moore .....	2 0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine .....	Horn .....	1 6	When twilight dews .....	Stevenson .....	2 0
Roll, drums, merrily .....	Cooke .....	1 0	When woe on the bosom of mercy .....	Howell .....	1 0
Rose of affection .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	While parted from the youth .....	King .....	1 6
Sale of loves .....	Moore .....	2 0	Whilst I listen to thy voice .....	Stevenson .....	2 0
Savoyard's return .....	Dr. Clarke .....	2 0	Whilst on the beach I wander .....	Doyle .....	2 0
Say, pretty weeping figure .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	White rose of honor .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled .....		1 6	Who would not love? .....	Cooke .....	2 0
Send the bowl round merrily .....	Moore .....	1 0	William and Jannett .....	Sanderson .....	1 0
Sir Tumble-down Dick .....	King .....	1 0	Will you comet o the bower? .....	T. M., Esq. ....	1 0
Soft blue of her eye .....	Kearns .....	1 0	Wilt thou say farewell, love? .....	Moore .....	2 0
Soft breezes breathing .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	Winds, whisper gently .....	Stevenson .....	2 0
Soft Zephyr .....	Dr. Clarke .....	1 6	Woman's power ending never .....	Kearns .....	1 0
Soldier, rest ! .....	Kemp .....	1 6	Woman's smile .....	Parry .....	1 6
Spanish patriots .....	Parry .....	1 0	Woman, who conquers all .....	Cooke .....	1 6
Spirit of joy .....	Moore .....	2 0	Woodbine cottage .....	Stevenson .....	2 0
Spirit's song .....	Dr. Clarke .....	2 6	Woodman's cot .....	Kelly .....	1 0
Stay, one moment stay ! .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	Woodpecker .....	Ditto .....	2 0
Summer .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Wreath you wove .....	Moore .....	1 6
Sweetest moments life allows .....	Kelly .....	1 6	Ye banks and braes, (new edition) .....	Burns .....	1 0
Sweet is love .....	Doyle .....	2 0	Ye light forms of fancy .....	Kelly .....	1 6
Sweet is the beam of morning .....	Dallas .....	2 0	Yes, it is, love! .....	Clifton .....	1 6
Sweet is the dream .....	Stevenson .....	1 6	Yes, thro' the wide world .....	Mrs. — .....	1 0
Sweet lady ! look not thus .....	Ditto .....	2 0	Young Jessica .....	Moore .....	2 0
Sweet minstrel, sing ! .....	Ditto .....	1 6	Young love .....	Ditto .....	2 0
Sweet robin .....		1 6	Young son of chivalry .....	King .....	1 6
Sweet Rose, come away ! .....	Dibdin .....	1 6	Youth I adore .....	Cooke .....	1 6
Sweet seducer .....	Moore .....	1 6	Youth is but short .....	Dallas .....	2 0
Tablet of love .....	Stevenson .....	2 0	You watch'd the sun's ray .....	Welsh Air .....	1 0
Take back the sigh .....	Moore .....	2 0	Zounds, my lad .....	Cooke .....	1 0
Tarry, ye moments .....	Kelly .....	1 6			

## DUETS.

		s. d.			
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1 6	Nights of music	Moore	2
As with slow-moving oar	King	2 0	No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2
Catherine	Lady C. Stewart	2 0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2
Chieftain	Stevenson	2 0	O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1 6	Peace!	Stevenson	2
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2 0	Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1
Dear, in pity	Ditto	1 6	Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2
Dragon fly	Smith	2 0	Song of war	Moore	2
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1 6	Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1 6	Surprise	Ditto	1
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2 0	Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2 0	Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2
Heave one sigh	Horn	1 0	That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1
Here is the lip	Moore	2 0	Think on me	Ditto	2
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2 0	Thro' silent woods	King	2
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1 6	Tit bits	Cooke	1
If fortune smile	Kelly	1 6	Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1
In search of glory	Cooke	2 6	Turn to this heart	Horn	1
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2 0	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2
Joys that pass away	Moore	2 0	Well-a-day!	Horn	1
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2 6	When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2
Life-boat	Moore	2 6	When Jove from the skies	Horn	1
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2 0	When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2 0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2 0	While parted from the youth I love	King	1
Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2 0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2
			Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1
			Young rose	Moore	2

## GLEES.

		s. d.			
A broken cake	Stevenson	2 0	Lonely isle	Horn	3
A llen-a-Dale	Horn	2 6	Merrily O!	Stevenson	2
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1 6	Mountain cot	Richards	2
Archer's glee	Ditto	1 6	Nor throne of state	Kelly	1
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1 6	Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2 6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2 0	Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2 6	Ocean king	West	2
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2 0	Oh! lady fair	Moore	3
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2 6	Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3 0	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	5
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2 0	Raise the song	Stevenson	1
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2 0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1
Come, follow me	Ditto	5 0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Ditto	1 6	Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	1
Ella	Ditto	2 6	Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1
Fairy glee	Ditto	5 0	Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	1
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1 6	Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	1
Finland love-song	Moore	2 6	This is love	Moore	1
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5 0	Ting-a-tingle	Horn	1
Happy love	Ditto	2 0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2 0	Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	1
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	Ditto	1 6	Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1
Here's the bower	King	2 6	Up, quit the bower	Attwood	1
Herrinits	Stevenson	3 0	We fairy folk	Stevenson	1
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Ditto	5 0	When time, who steals our years	Phelps	1
I mark'd not eyes	Moore	2 0	Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	1
	Stevenson	2 0	Wood nymph	Smith	1
			Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	1

## NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &amp;c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, " 'Tis the last Rose of Summer." ..... <i>Ries</i> .....	8 6
Piano-Forte part.....	6 6

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ARIA and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp. ....	2 6	Lieber Augustine.....	Gelinek ..... 2 0
Banks of Allan Water ..... <i>Chipp</i> .....	2 6	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....	1 6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment .....	Little ..... 3 0	Lord Hardwicke's March .....	Cooke ..... 2 0
Bird-catcher .....	Mozart ..... 1 6	Lord Wellington .....	Jansen ..... 1 6
Blaize et Babet .....	Howell ..... 2 0	Marche Pastorale et Air Russe .....	Von Esch ..... 2 6
Cease your funning .....	Davy ..... 2 0	Minuetto. Flute accomp. ....	Little ..... 1 6
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp. ....	5 0	Merch Megan .....	Dibdin ..... 1 6
Come chase that starting tear .....	Eavestaff ..... 2 0	Morgan Magan.....	Lanza ..... 2 0
Conway Ferry .....	Parry ..... 1 6	Mozart's Grand March .....	Gelinek ..... 2 0
Devonshire Waltz .....	Voigt ..... 1 6	— Military Waltz. Flute accom. ....	Metzler ..... 1 6
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp. ....	Little ..... 2 0	— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and	
Eveleen's Bower .....	Woelfl ..... 2 0	Flute accompaniment .....	Weippert ..... 5 0
Fantasie .....	Gladstones ..... 2 6	My love is like the red, red rose, &c. ....	Hummell ..... 2 6
Fly not yet .....	Woelfl ..... 2 0	Nel cor più non mi sento .....	Gelinek ..... 2 0
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— "Aria" in C .....	2 0	Pastoral Rondo .....	Holder ..... 3 0
— "Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate .....	2 0	Peace be around thee .....	Hummell ..... 2 6
— "Waltz" .....	2 0	Pria che l'Impegno .....	Gelinek ..... 2 6
Glow di Glow .....	Cooke ..... 2 0	Prussian Air .....	Ditto ..... 2 0
Go where glory waits thee .....	Corri ..... 2 0	Pyrenese Air .....	Ditto ..... 1 6
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La ci darem .....	Gelinek ..... 2 0	Sun Flower .....	Hummell ..... 2 6
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		Valse Françoise .....	Ringwood ..... 1 6
		Venetian Air .....	Hummell ..... 1 0
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Munich Waltz, &c. .....	Ditto	
O softly sleep .....	Dizi	
Peace be around thee (from the National Airs) .....	Hummell	
Rhenish Air .....	Weippert	
Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies) .....	Hummell	
Sweet Richard .....	Parry	
'Tis the last Rose of Summer .....	Chipp	
Venetian Air .....	Hummell	